28 MAY 1966 2s 6d

london life

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HOW TO SWIM – AND WHAT TO WEAR – IN LONDON

FULL GUIDE TO WHAT'S ON

HOW TO READ A BOOK

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Good Old Johnnie Walker—the Scotch of Scotch

INSIDE

Beatle George Harrison, his wife Pattie Boyd and a group of their friends, are off on holiday together over Whitsun – not Tahiti, not the Caribbean, not even St Tropez. They are hiring two boats on the Norfolk Broads. One of the party, photographer Jean Claude Wolpeliere, who is taking his wife Belinda along and leaving their two children with mother-in-law, is loading up with some sides of beef and crates of Pimm's. It should be a right little rave up.

Others on the trip will be Vic Singh, who did the titles for *Alfie*, model Jane Lumb, and George's partner in Sibylla's Club, Bruce Higham.

The Harrisons will presumably be going directly from their trip to Cannes this week: "We're going there for some peace and quiet," said Pattie Boyd at the weekend.

Rica Diallina is the name of the perfect girl. She has been chosen by sculptor Charles de Temple to model for his solid gold bust of Princess Medina (*London Life*, 8 January), the unfortunate daughter of King Midas. De Temple chose her from a field of 3,500 girls, and Miss Diallina arrives in London on 3 June to begin sittings.

The Chancellor's clamp-down on the gold medallion business has caused problems to the various companies involved. So great was the boom last year, all of them now have vast sums of money available – and they are looking for ways to invest it. One leading company is thinking of diversifying into paperback publishing – with part of the reputed half-million pounds they made. The idea is to invade the market for serious non-fiction.

According to "Variety," *there's an American record label called* "Kama Sutra." *Now, there's a way to slip a disc.*

NBC International, with understandable pride, have announced that *Dr Kildare* is now being dubbed into Cantonese, for use in the Far East. Who said we couldn't retaliate for the Chinese nuclear tests?

One at least of the pirates is planning a break from non-stop pop: Ted Allbeury of Radio 390 is preparing to launch a daily half-hour of business information. To be broadcast between 6 pm and 6.30, when a significant proportion of the audience is thought to be businessmen listening to the car

continued overleaf

LONDON LIFE
INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Ursula Andress stars in the new Bond-film spoof, Casino Royale. *But what is she like off the screen, away from the cameras? Page 11*

Erroll Garner gives the first of his British jazz concerts at the Festival Hall on Saturday. Genius or not? Argue it out on Page 32

This is Commander Whitehead, who is Mr Schweppes to millions of Americans. He's at a London Life *party in New York. Page 20*

	page
Onward Andrew Oldham . . . Rolling Stones Film	6
The Great Bunny Hunt . . . At London's Playboy Club	8
Party Time . . . In and Around London	10
Meet Ursula Andress . . . In an Unlikely Role	11
PS to the *London Life* Series That Shook Hollywood	14
This is Westminster . . . Richest City in the Country	15
For Gunilla, With Love . . . Grooming a Star	16
Experts On Their Subjects . . . Employment Consultants	18
The Lady is an Undercover Man . . . Spying With La Rue	19
Britons Take Over New York . . . Wynne-Morgan in US	20
What People Are Riding . . . Pogo-stick to Rocking-horse	24
The Angela Ince Column . . . The Barbecuing Disease	26
The Sad Picture of The Gay Hussar . . . Restaurant's New Life	27
Fables for the Fair . . . Stories with a Moral	28
Pot-throwers of Chelsea . . . Where to Learn the Art	30
It's Easy With Three Hands . . . The Cult of Erroll Garner	32
London By Night . . . From the Roof of New Zealand House	34
Why I Prefer to Swim in London . . . by Mary Margaret Revell	37
Splash Out on a Swimsuit . . . Now is the Time to Buy	38
Swimming in the Country or at Home . . . How? Where?	40
Glyndebourne . . . The End of Complacency	42
Mike Sarne Has a Film to Sell . . . A Dream Fulfilled	43

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! London Life's fully comprehensive guide to everything, but everything, that makes London throb with life . . . its night-life, the theatre, the cinema, music, ballet, opera, art galleries, restaurants and sport . . . from page 43

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH

Wartski

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LONDON, W.1
and at Llandudno

AN ATTRACTIVE
MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
CHÂTELAINE
AND WATCH
ENAMELLED WITH
ROSES AND FOLIAGE
EN BASSE TAILLE

Movement signed by Wm. Deards

London, circa 1748

INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

radio. The programmes will be presented by various interested companies. Monday will feature building and civil engineering; Tuesday, electronic engineering; Wednesday, agriculture; and Thursday and Friday will be devoted to advertising and marketing.

Dorothy Hales Gary, whose photographic guide *The Splendours of Asia* will be published next month by Thames & Hudson, is looking for a flat "somewhere around Chelsea" where she can live for six months of the year and paint. Mrs Gary, although born in California, has spent most of her life in Europe, mainly in Paris and

Rome. She produced her first professional photographs only three years ago and has just returned from a tour of Turkey and Greece shooting material for another book, *The Glory of Byzantium,* which will appear next year. "I didn't believe," she says, "women could live the kind of life I have had to while getting these photographs." She has had brushes with scorpions and snakes, and suffered a broken leg – apart from the perils of some Eastern hotels.

The Queen Mother has caused a break in tradition at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. This year, she is to take the salute of the Pensioners at their march-past to mark Founder's Day. Always in the past this was held on Oak Apple Day, 29 May, in honour of the Founder's obligations to an oak – the Hospital having been started by Charles II. However, since the Queen Mother will be out of London for Whitsun, which falls on Oak Apple Day, the ceremony has been postponed until 10 June. Nevertheless, all those lucky enough to get one of the rare public tickets for the ceremony will still be presented with the traditional oak-leaf buttonhole.

Lord Sandon, a director of Coutts' Bank and a keen Common Marketeer, has decided that his French could do with a refresher course. Naturally, he wants to improve his conversation for fellow bankers and businessmen rather than for waiters and concierges, so gramophone records or evening classes are out. A happy solution has been found, however: Lord Sandon slips out from the bank every now and again and pops round to University College, where Dr E Grunwald, one of the French department's few women lecturers, waits to polish up his Lordship's technical vocabulary.

Lord Soper, a lifelong Christian Pacifist, has just returned from a Greek cruise. Ashore in Athens, he accepted an invitation to preach to his companions: as did St Paul, Lord Soper chose to deliver his sermon on the Hill of Mars.

Oscar Nemon expects to finish no less than three statues of Sir Winston Churchill within the next month. They are all for submission to Parliament, which has commissioned Nemon, and the sculptor is leaving it to them to choose the one they want to stand in the Commons. Nemon himself, who was one of the few people of whom Sir Winston made a bust, is desperately looking for a new studio, with overhead light. His present one in Pimlico Road – it used to belong to Tony Armstrong-Jones – has hardly any natural light.

Edward L Bernays, one of the founding fathers of the American public relations industry, has been invited to London by the British Institute of PR to give the Tallents Memorial lecture on 14 July. Bernays will also spend some time in Oxford, addressing a summer conference on PR. His autobiography, *Biography Of An Idea,* has just been published in the US, and Bernays is to negotiate its publication in Europe while he is over here. Having read it, David Manning White of Boston University made the classic comment on PR activity: "I've found a new insight into certain aspects of the 20th century . . ."

Christine Child has been given a racehorse by her new husband, insurance man Charles St George. The horse, a jumper called Arthur Duffy, has as yet to distinguish itself. Like its owner, it is still waiting its big chance. Miss

Child's next outings are in a *Mike and Bernie Winters Show* on ABC–TV and, in the autumn, in an episode of the amazingly resurrected series *The Baron* on ATV. "My greatest wish," says Miss Child, "is to have the lead part in a musical where I can act, sing and dance." Arthur Duffy is without ambition.

Sir Ifor Evans' retirement as Provost of University College, London, is to be marked by an open-air production of *Julius Caesar* – on the college steps, which provide one of the most convincingly Roman settings in London. Performances will be on 29 June, 30 June and 1 July. The student production has been asked to go on tour in Sweden afterwards.

One of the attractions of the summer-long celebrations of the Norman Conquest down in Sussex is the Battle Arts Festival. On 21 July they are presenting Gerald Moore's well-loved talk An Accompanist Remembers. *Come now, Gerald, you can't have been more than a churl at the time.*

Peter Behan, one of the two London artists invited to exhibit at the Salon de Mai in the Paris Musée d'Art Moderne, got an urgent telegram from the organisers on receipt of his painting. The gist of the message was "come quick – there's a four-inch hole in your canvas." Behan flew over, looked at the damaged work, decided he couldn't repaint it in time, and patched it instead – with a pair of pink panties.

The cover of "Country Life" two weeks ago bore the intriguing headline "Red Wines of the Graves." Must be a special number for rural vampires.

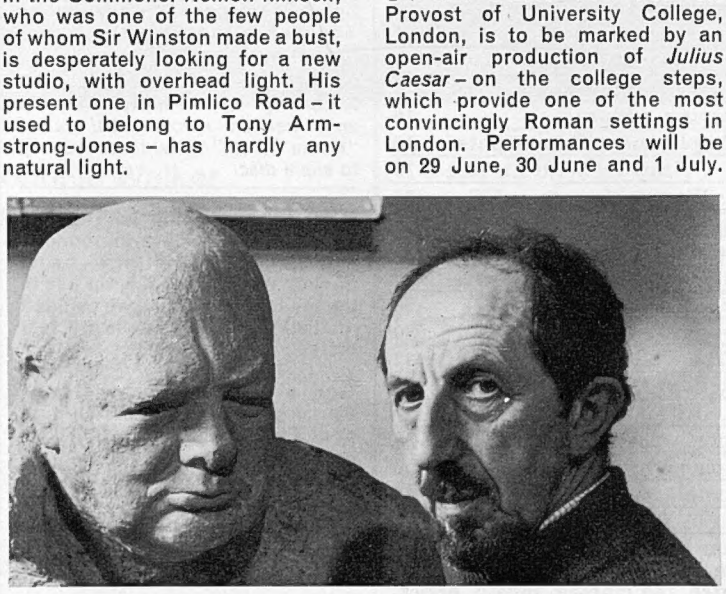
The breakthrough by *The Times* into the journalism of the fortie has apparently caused great concern in the offices of its main competitor, *The Guardian.* After an anguished conference, it was agreed the other day that *The Guardian* should make every effort to enliven its women's page to meet the challenge.

The Paternoster Development, on the north side of St Paul's, may shortly be enlivened by the opening of a sauna bath. A Carshalton hairdresser has applied for Corporation permission to open one at Number 2, Paternoster Square.

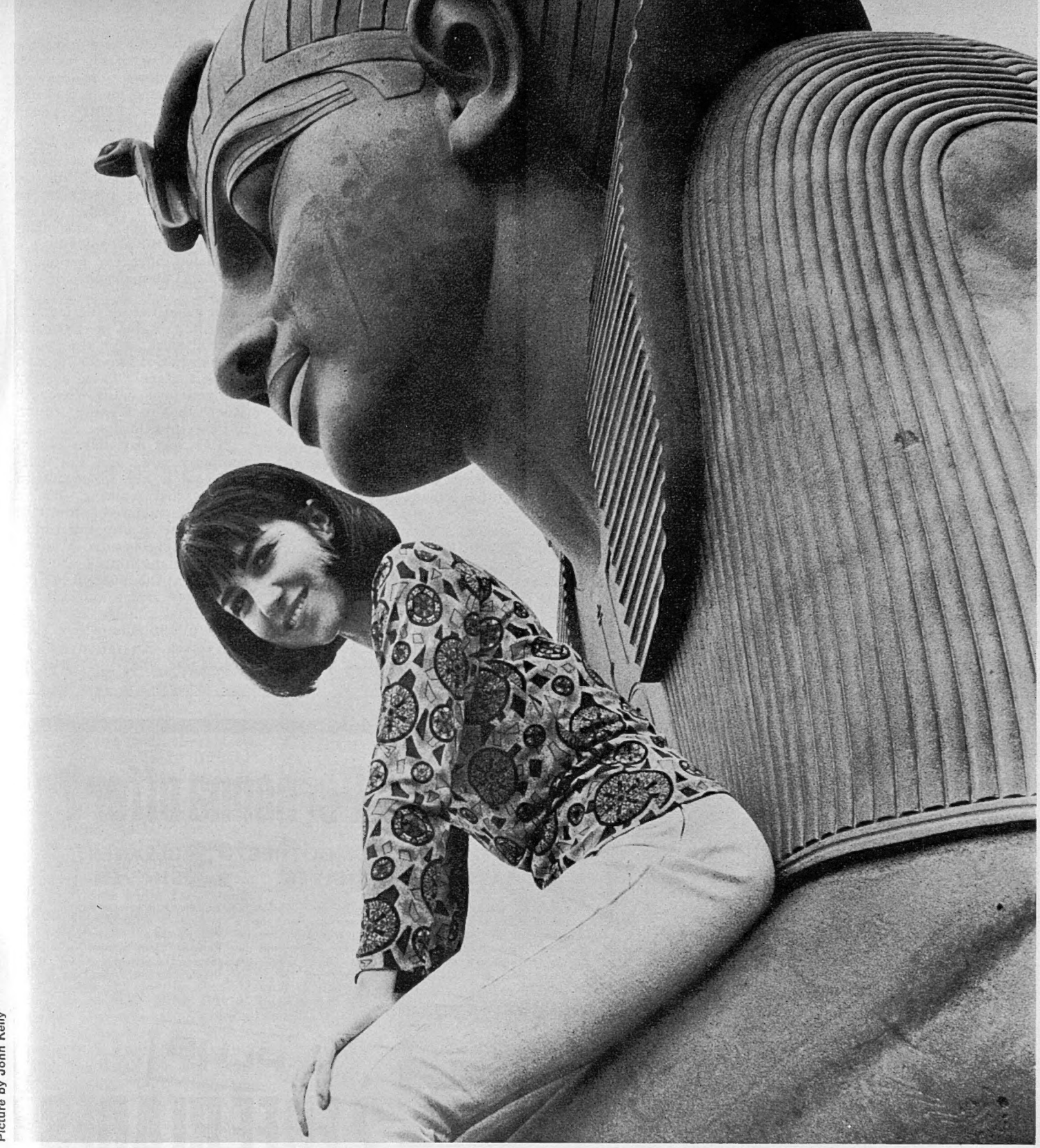
Knight, Frank and Rutley, the Hanover Square estate agents, have an important national monument on their books: Flodden Field, scene in 1513 of the last great battle between England and Scotland (the '15 and the '45 were civil wars). The 30-acre battlefield, near Cornhill-on-Tweed, is part of the estate of the late Colonel Gerard Leigh.

If your Mini is already gold-plated, air-conditioned and fitted with radar, you will be glad to hear that a Piccadilly store is now offering refrigerators to go in the boot. Seven inches by twelve, with ice-cube container, 23 guineas.

Hugh Maclean, a Canadian with an office in Soho, has invented a new profession: he has become the world's first car-number broker. He will trace any index number for you, and try to negotiate its purchase if it is already attached to a vehicle. On average, he takes about a fortnight to trace a number, and says that about 30 per cent. of the owners sell immediately, and most of the rest will just hold out for a better price. He has on his books at the moment GR 2 – ideal for anyone called George Rutabaga the 2nd.



Sculptor Oscar Nemon with his bust of Churchill



Picture by John Kelly

SHUSHA AND THE LONDON SPHINX

Persian actress Shusha Assar decided to welcome the signs of an English summer by riding joyfully on the sphinx at the base of Cleopatra's Needle on London's Victoria Embankment. Shusha married explorer-writer Nicholas Guppy five years ago and has been living in Chelsea ever since. Before marriage she was an actress working in France and has also achieved some success as a folk singer. At the moment she is working on a series of articles about Persia. She says her one ambition was to have a sports car, but when she was given a choice of either that or a trip home she chose the latter. Shusha has two children – Darius who is two and one-year-old Constantine. She also proves that a girl can look elegant in trousers – which may also account for the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

ONWARD ANDREW OLDHAM

He is making a film starring The Rolling Stones; he has a Rolls-Royce and sundry other cars; he plans an office with stained-glass windows; he keeps pictures of his new pop group on a brass lectern; says he'd go out of his mind if he wasn't married. He talks about his film (for the very first time), and about his onward progress in general, to JOHN VINER

On the surface very little seems to have changed in the life of Andrew Oldham, the 22-year-old figure behind The Rolling Stones. But beneath the surface a great deal has been going on. The latest news of this wiry, bustling young man is that he will co-produce, and score the music, in a forthcoming film starring The Rolling Stones, in all their calculated neolithic splendour.

The ex-public school Oldham was alone in his eighth-floor office overlooking Regent's Park while he mused over the differences in his life two years ago and now. Two years ago he can remember boasting of an impressive list of material possessions. Today he is loth to list his accomplishments. "The difference is," he told me, "that two years ago most things I had were on credit. Now I really own them."

Just four of the things he owns make a weighty impact. Consider his four cars: a white MGB sports car, a maroon Sunbeam Tiger sports car, a white Lincoln Continental and that ultimate symbol, a Rolls-Royce. Not an ordinary Rolls, but a vast, black Phantom V, complete with cocktail bar, tape recorder and a variation of clear or tinted windows. The cars are variously distributed outside his offices in Gloucester Place. In two months' time the cars will cluster outside a new nerve centre in New Oxford Street. Andrew Oldham's present locale, with hessian-covered walls, stereo sound, potted plants and ashtrays a foot in diameter, must be deserted. The record noise has proved too much for non-pop neighbours.

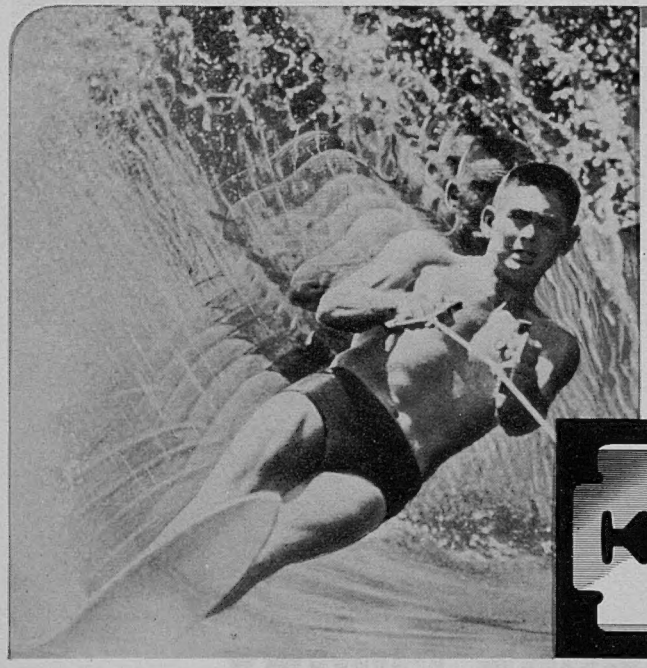
Two years ago I don't think Oldham would have been more than passingly interested in the décor of his new office, but now he talks in quick, precise phrases of what his new office must look like and why. "It's the Church bit, stained-glass windows I'm having made all round me, a God-like place, Jesus lights, pencil spots, over my head."

The first piece of office equipment sits on his current desk awaiting installation – an enormous brass lectern in the shape of an eagle, wings spread to support, once upon a time, a Bible; nowadays a confusion of press handouts, cheques, photographs of his pop stars.

He stood before the lectern, regarding it as a perfectly natural desk, and shuffled a photograph of two young men to the surface. "These are my two new ones, called Twice As Much, they're a camp edition of Peter and Gordon.

"I've got my own record company now, and I'm married, got a kid called Shaun who is just walking. You've got to be married, otherwise I'd go out of my mind. I'm relatively stable now. At home I don't do anything, I just sit.'

Home at the moment is Noe Harrison's house in Fulham He wanted a house on the top of the pile in Hampstead, "bu the prices are ridiculous – 1 grand, for what?" As it is h



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spends three evenings a week at home and is proud of the fact not more than 25 people have been invited there.

"You know what: I'm much more detached now, I don't get involved with everything going on." His detachment from the sartorial world remains a sometime thing. He was wearing a brown check sports coat, lean trousers and an expensive roll-neck sweater. Leaning back in his chair he crossed his legs on the desk top and talked about his film. It is to be made from the best selling novel, *Only Lovers Left Alive* by the former schoolteacher from Tottenham, David Wallis. The book indulges in a serious study of what happens when mass adult suicide takes place and teenagers are left to run the country. Oldham says: "This is the only thing I've ever wanted. I've been after the screen rights for two years." His persistence has paid off. He has bought the rights for 75,000 dollars.

He is reluctant to talk of the film in detail, but says it will perhaps be made in black and white, in colour and in sepia. Shooting will start in September with himself and colleague Alan Klein as co-producers. "I will bring in a director," he said.

The Stones will all play individuals but their characters are not yet finalised. "I might borrow bits of other characters from here and there."

Having read the book about eight times, he has hardened his opinion that Britain is on the edge of a great decline. "I don't really care how people react to the film. I'm really making it for money, but then it's also got to be good. I want to win an Oscar with it."

To help understand the skill of scoring for a film he has been a regular attender at weekly concerts in Camden Town. "I don't see why songs should relate to what's going on in the film." He has been picture-going four times a week, "but no film has totally impressed me."

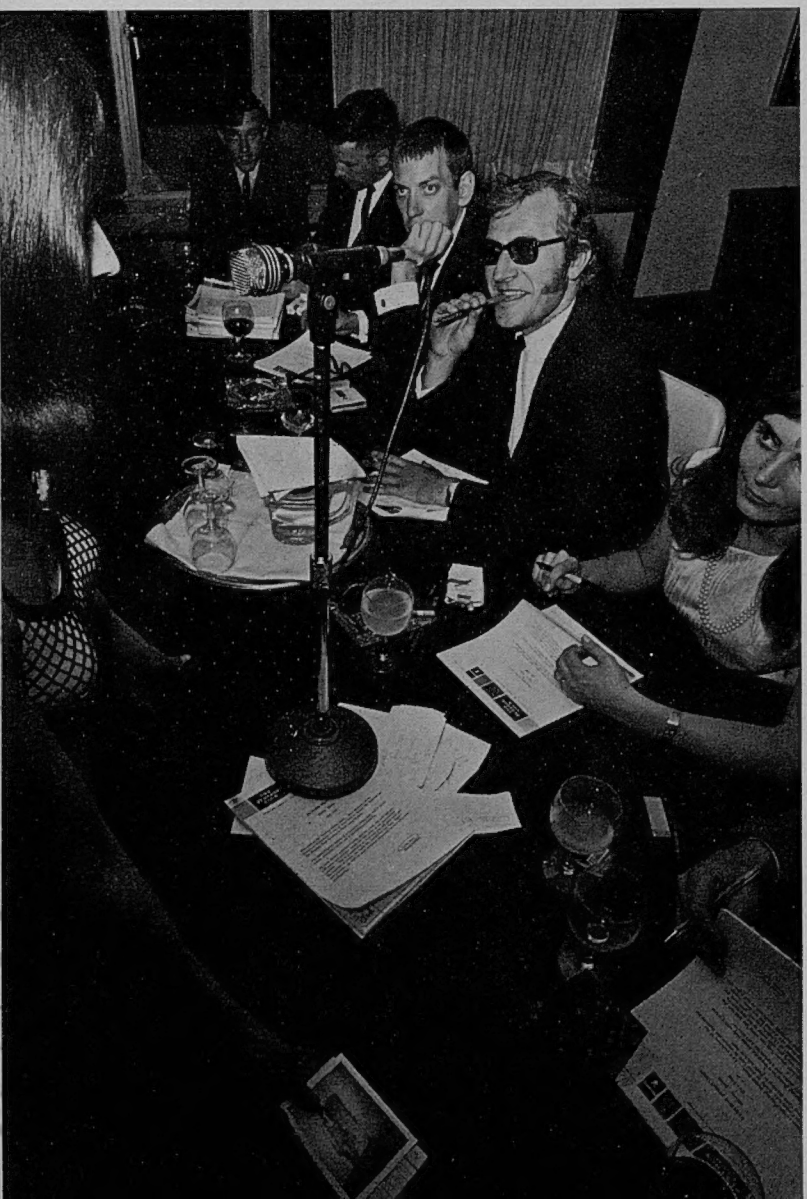
This will be his first film. What happens if it flops? "I won't lose any money over it. Decca are financing it. The budget is £250,000."

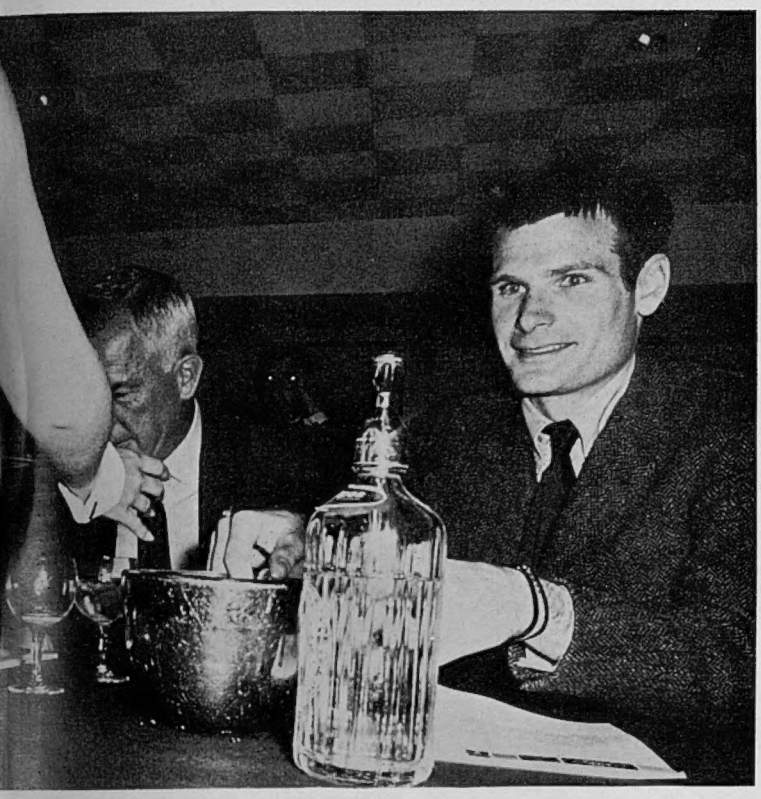
Thus Andrew Loog Oldham, entrepreneur 1966.

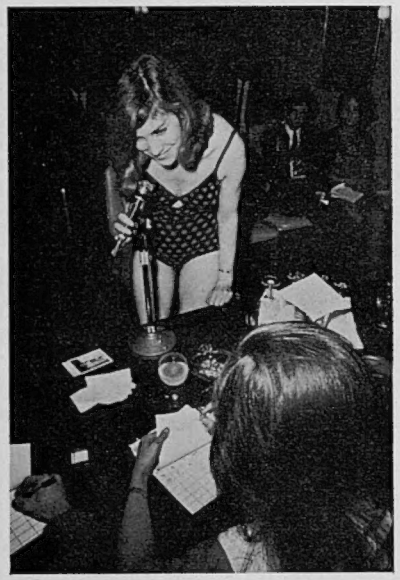
Reflected in the mirror-bright radiator of his Rolls-Royce – Andrew Oldham. High above him a bird flies past his luxury office-cum-flat overlooking Regent's Park.

THE GREAT BUNNY HUNT

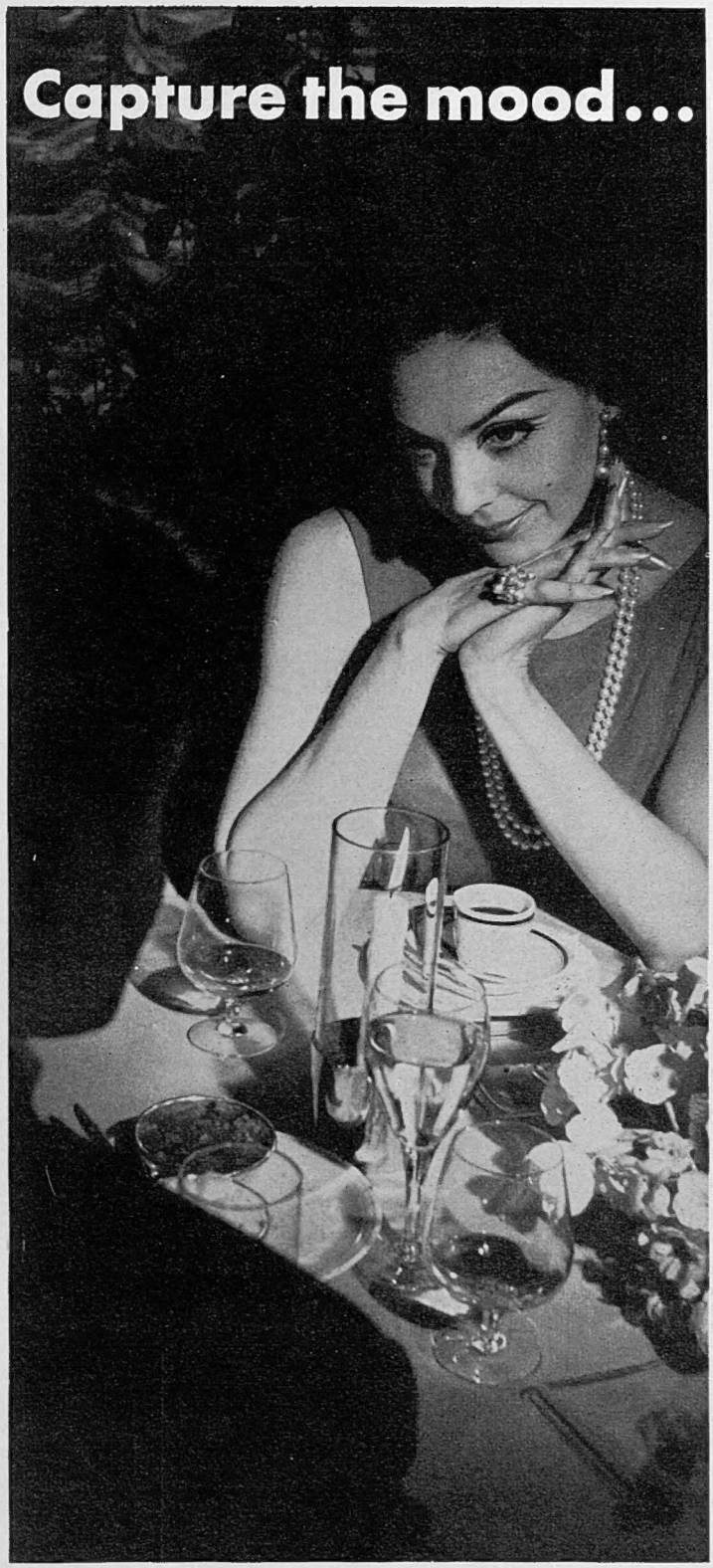
They came from Soho and they came from Cheam; they flocked to the London Hilton, the cream of London's girls – all wanting to be one thing: a Bunny. In the unlikely event of anyone not knowing precisely what a Bunny is, or why a British young lady would wish to be one, an explanation: A Bunny is a hostess at a Playboy Club; she must be extremely attractive, have social poise and social chat, be intelligent, soothing, charming and lively. It isn't easy, and the original warren of Bunnies at Hugh Hefner's celebrated New York establishment have acquired a reputation that places them high above the usual ranks of night-club sweeties. Any local Eliza Doolittle who has seen photographs of them would envy the girls busily hostessing at glamorous parties, the little fluffy tail attached to their abbreviated costumes bobbing endearingly between the crowded tables. No wonder the British girls flocked to struggle for employment at the London branch of the club, and happily slinked along the table to be analysed by a team of expert Bunny hunters – and be photographed by John Benton Harris. The chosen ones will work at the club, to be opened in Park Lane later this month.







Capture the mood...



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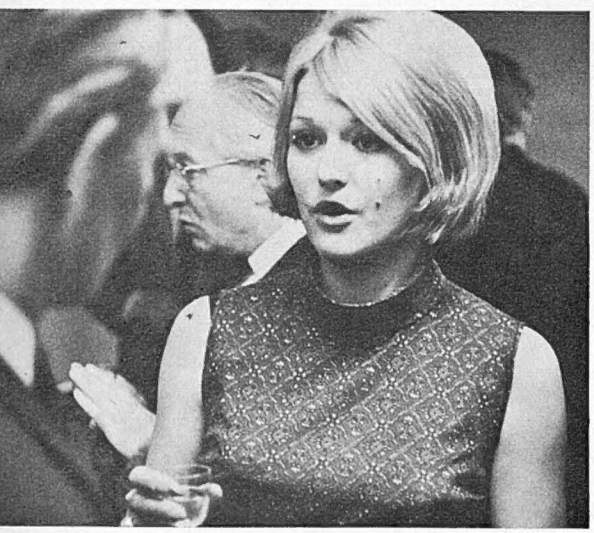
HCA AND WESTERN HOTELS

ONE WORLD OF FINE HOTELS

PARTY TIME

At the private view of paintings by Paul Jenkins at the Arthur Tooth Gallery: from left, Mr E Lucas, chief restorer of the National Gallery; Mr Paul Jenkins with his wife, painter Alice Baber; and Mr Joseph Brausten, the American collector.

Customers at Heal's "Closed Shop," when the store is thrown open to account customers and their guests. Three thousand people turned up to wander round, buy, listen to the steel band, drink and eat. This was the first of a regular series of such evenings.



Stephanie Gilbert, a jewellery student, who was exhibiting in a display organised by the Sir John Cass College at the Church of All Hallows, London Wall.

Gerald Scarfe, the cartoonist, at an exhibition of his work at the Horseshoe Wharf Club. It is the Cartoonist of the Year's first exhibition, contains familiar studies, some controversial new ones.

WHIFF OF COUNTRY FOR THE CITY

Tired City businessmen seeking a breath of lunchtime air round the Mansion House area next week will probably get a slightly stronger whiff than they expected. For in residence on the forecourt of the Royal Exchange will be two cows and two calves from Mr Charles Clore's Hungerford herd of British Friesians.

It is all part of the 1966 Dairy Festival. Last year the animals came from the Royal Farm at Windsor. They are milked twice a day in modern milking parlours.

"They are not freak animals," said a National Dairy Council spokesman. "But obviously they get the best of everything. They are treated like film stars – there are herdsmen around brushing their tails, and cutting their nails. They have to be happy, otherwise there wouldn't be any milk."

The Festival will plonk itself firmly outside the Royal Exchange, at the heart of the City of London, by the most important road junction. City workers are expected to flock there during lunch hours and after work.

Other attractions will be a sound-and-vision run-down on the dairy industry showing the progress of milk from pasture to pinta.

The Central Council of Physical Recreation plans to show up the odd businessman's paunch by putting on a bounding display of athletics and sporting activity (also on the forecourt of the Royal Exchange).

Mr Enoch Powell will open the Festival at noon on 31 May. It stays in the centre of the City until 3 June, then tours the provinces. Meanwhile, a Thames barge, dressed overall, will make a slow progress down the Thames from Staines, calling at Hampton Court, Battersea Fun Fair, the Royal Festival Hall and Greenwich, during the months of June and July. Below decks is a cinema; on deck will be some more cows – being milked twice daily, of course.

MEET URSULA McANDRESS

She has the natural narcissism of a woman who has long grown accustomed to male admiration. She moves in a delightfully free-form way, like a languid young swimmer. *The world's most beautiful woman?* Ursula Andress shies like a startled thoroughbred from the dreaded tagline. "Others put labels on me," she says. "I don't." So if you like her company, and aim to remain

continued overleaf

URSULA McANDRESS

continued from previous page

in it, you're advised to forget those patent labels. Miss Andress may not be the world's greatest intellectual, but she has the direct and startling insights of a child. "She *is* a child," a friend declares. "She likes being surprised. She likes special little treats. She responds to kindness and thoughtfulness as a child does.

"She likes getting presents. Simple things. You won't impress her with diamonds and mink, but let a studio technician come up with some little trinket she's admired and give it to her, she'll cry tears. It's the child's typical reaction to any small kindness. She moves, laughs, claps her hands like a small girl. Her voice goes straight at you, addressing just yourself, without false inflections. If you really want her to respond, to have a ball, take her to the Zoo. She adores animals, really digs them. And animals know it and respond to her. She's that kind of a girl."

Her career in movies originated at a party. That's not a very new thing in itself, but considering her attractiveness it's surprising that she achieved the great age of 18 before the definitive offer was made. Oh, she'd received vague movie offers before that. And listened to them with equal vagueness and only half a shell-like ear. But by the time she hit Rome in her late teens she was ripe for ravishment by camera, ripe as a May peach warmed by morning sunlight, and Rome is a city where girls attract cameras like the darling buds of May.

Not only nature, but her geographic situation, conspired to make Ursula an international, rather than an insular, national attraction. Bardot is as French, in her fashion, as de Gaulle is in his. Loren could not be other than Neapolitan. Vanessa Redgrave is as English as Epsom. Jayne Mansfield, Shirley McLaine, Natalie Wood are as American as turkey and cranberry sauce on Thanksgiving Day. But Andress? She could be one of those fly Swedes that keep cropping up. Or Polish, Austrian, Yugoslavian or Pennsylvania Dutch.

She is, in fact, German. Or of German parentage, the daughter of one Rolf and Anna Andress, born in Berne, Switzerland. She has four sisters, Kathi, Erica, Gisela and Charlotte. And a brother, Heinz. She went to school in Berne until she was 16 and became a fluent linguist in French, German and Italian. Then she obtained the reluctant consent of her parents to study art in Paris. A year later, bored with the French scene, uncertain of her future, she moved to Rome, working as a children's nursemaid and enjoying the free and easy way of Roman living. "I was a terribly lazy girl," she says of that time. "I really seemed just to loaf around. I had no plans for the future."

Then, at that party, she was offered a role in a film which was about to be shot. Because she spoke Italian so fluently, a producer present thought she was an exceptionally blonde local product. After a very informal screen and script test she was given a featured role in *The Loves of Casanova* followed by parts in two more lightweight Roman concoctions, one being a Ponti Di Laurentiis picture, *An American in Rome*. The two most powerful producers in Italy had taken her up, and Ursula was all set for a Roman film career.

But before she was contractually hooked to that particular glamour mill an executive of a Hollywood company spotted her and tried to persuade her to cross th

McToole and McSellers make a two-man stab at playing the bagpipes. Ursula puts her hands to her face, overcome with laughter. Scene on the set of *Casino Royale*.

Ursula became a bit more serious when it was her turn to blow the bagpipes. Is she making sure that McSellers and McToole are out of earshot?

Fully kilted musicians were supplied from five of Scotland's foremost pipe and drum bands – City of Glasgow Police, Edinburgh Police, Invergordon Pipe, Muirhead Pipe, and the Shotts Pipe Band – for scenes like this in *Casino Royale*. Normally, about 20 men comprise a Scottish pipe band. But as befits a Feldman-Bond extravaganza, everything about this exercise had to be larger than life. So 68 pipers and 34 drummers were brought down to London, itself a triumph of organisation. Fares alone cost well over £1,000. As they poured into Shepperton Studios and started tuning up, mild Sassenach technicians ran for cover. Scotsmen involved took a lenient view of the film people's interpretation of a Highland Fling, carried out in this studio-created Scotch Mist by such dedicated Scots as Peter Sellers and Peter O'Toole (both in the above picture). The last word came from Ursula Andress when she breathlessly confided to *London Life*: "Now I know what Scotsmen wear under the kilt, only one question remains – how do they survive up there during the winter?"

Atlantic. She held out for a year, but when the studio wheel finally went north to Switzerland to plead with her parents, Ursula accepted the invitation to Hollywood.

Whether she would have made the big time out there, first go, is now a matter of conjecture, for shortly after her arrival her future plans were radically altered when she met, and fell in love with, and married, actor-director John Derek. They married in 1957 and for the next four years Ursula toured the world wherever her husband's work took him, and she regularly turned down parts because acceptance would have meant separation. She was, typically, casual about Hollywood. In the months before she met John Derek, all her studio bosses could find for her to do was to "study drama," an academic exercise which consisted simply of sitting for hours on end, in tiny dark projection rooms, looking at movies starring Garbo and Dietrich!

Almost by accident, certainly with all her accustomed casualness, she accepted a small part in a James Bond movie, the first of that genre, *Dr No*. It was her sensational impact – wearing a mini-bikini and outsize jack-knife in a leather belt – that opened the way to international stardom.

A year or two before, *Dr No* producer Charles Feldman offered her a long-term contract for £250 a week, which she casually declined. Earlier this year, he was employing her in *Casino Royale* at a fee of £200,000. She has changed a lot. She used to be such a lazy girl. Now for £200,000 (and more) for a picture she's keen, gets up at 5 am when needed for studio work, studies her scripts with care and takes an active interest in every aspect of her work. When, recently, Peter Sellers suddenly had to leave the set, it was Ursula who rushed down to Shepperton to keep the cameras rolling although it was her day off. No gripes, no temperament – she just got on with her job.

She is surprisingly tiny in the flesh. But she can swell to Junoesque size on screen. That sizzling emergence from the waves in *Dr No* has forever engraved the image of this lovely woman upon the public mind as a modern Venus. But she's a chameleon. During her recent stay in London she spent several Saturday mornings at the Portobello Road, shopping around for trinkets. Wearing brown slacks, no make-up, and without a hairpiece, she was lost among a crowd of London dolly birds. Not a soul recognised her. But put her up on the big colour screen and she's a gift to the camera. She has planes in her face, a symmetry of body, that make her worth every penny they pay her in movies.

But it's not all roses, roses. The stresses of The Business are taking their toll. Long separations have broken up her marriage to John Derek. "He's the sweetest, most marvellous man I've ever met," she says sadly. Then comes the dreaded cliché in emotional reverse: "But now we're just good friends."

Ursula is good friends with French movie idol Jean-Paul Belmondo. When I last saw her in London she was overwrought, in a state of emotional stress. Then she flew off to Tahiti. There she was seen with Belmondo. Another darling of the celluloid gods.

Or is he? Are they? Those whom the gods love in this world of cinema seem particularly vulnerable to the stresses that come with their tinsel trade. But, Ursula's is such a delightful beauty, her nature is so outgoing, and the pleasure she vicariously creates by proxy of the screen is so great, one can only hope she doesn't get hurt too severely.

Career-wise, she's only just beginning.

CHARLES K FELDMAN, PRODUCER OF *CASINO ROYALE* TALKS TO CHARLES HAMBLETT —NEXT PAGE

"Is the angle right?" Ursula adjusts her Tam O'Shanter with finger-tip precision.

"I think that calls for a hand- (er, sporran) shake," agree McSellers and McToole.

P.S. TO THE LONDON LIFE SERIES THAT SHOOK HOLLYWOOD TO ITS TILLS

CHARLES HAMBLETT tells more about the continuing story of *Casino Royale*, that crazy extravaganza about – *Shush, you know who!* Now the producer of the Bond movie to end all Bond movies, Charles K Feldman, weighs in with a half-term report which throws a fascinating light on the celluloid Power Game. As the top movie gambler, Feldman explains how to do the impossible with the improbable – and stay in business.

I thought I had seen the last of *Casino Royale* after my recent series on the subject in *London Life* which pipped the world's press (headed by *Time* magazine) and became a lively talking point on the hot-line between London and the higher executive reaches of Hollywood.

But finding myself eyeball to eyeball with Charles K Feldman, the distinguished producer of the latest Bond romp, I could not resist asking him how things were going down on the old plantations at Pinewood and Shepperton.

You would think that the man responsible for a multi-million movie eating up the energies of five directors, headed by that legendary maverick, John Huston, would be showing a few signs of wear and tear. But when I saw him in his elegant drawing room in a Mayfair mansion, he looked to me more like a Sunday fisherman who has just hooked a tiddler with a diamond as big as a cherry stuck in his gullet. He looked, in fact, like a million dollars – and he's worth a darn sight more than that over the counter of Tiffanys.

He certainly didn't strike me as a harassed producer weighed down with the burdens of bringing in a movie which *Time* magazine (did you read them on the subject of Swinging London, the poor slobs?) romantically claimed had already gone one-third over its original £2-million budget.

"True or false?" I asked. Feldman offered me a brandy and soda before settling in a big armchair.

"You really want facts?" Feldman asked softly, as if mildly amused by such a prosaic request. "Well, to begin with, we're not over our budget. I was faced with making a carbon copy of the previous Bond pictures which, even with Connery, would have been artistically unsound. So when I decided to make it an all-out spoof of the Bond cult on a grand scale, using several guest stars, we budgeted accordingly.

"Secondly, we're not four weeks behind schedule. We were about one week behind at Shepperton, but John Huston is shooting so fast at Pinewood we're a couple of days ahead.

"Thirdly, even if some of the actors have only a limited idea of the picture, that's in line with my policy. I know exactly what story-line we're developing, but with so many rival productions working on espionage themes I refuse to hand out original ideas and gimmicks for others to use. You'd be surprised how many ideas get stolen in this business if you shout them out loud before a picture is finished."

Unnecessary risk?

So much for the security clamp on *Casino Royal.* On the other hand, the previous Bond pictures (*Dr. No, From Russia with Love, Goldfinger* and *Thunderball*) have all worked to a highly successful, watertight formula. By tossing out the safe formulas wasn't Feldman taking an unnecessary risk?

"In fact," I challenged, "you're bucking the system."

Now the real Charles Feldman briefly surfaced. The bland, gambler's eyes sharpened into hard focus. The suave expression became taut with authority. The softly modulated voice introduced a note of steel striking steel.

"But I have always bucked the system," Feldman declared. "It's the only way to make successful pictures. When I was an agent I always sought to cast actors in difficult roles, completely out of character. Take Marlene Dietrich. I put her in her first Western when nobody in Hollywood thought she was right for it. She made three Westerns in a row and each one made her a lot of money.

"Then there was Marilyn Monroe. She was crying out to play in sophisticated comedy, but they all insisted she should stick to being a dumb sexpot. I bought the property rights of a Broadway play, *The Seven Year Itch,* with Marilyn in mind. The Hollywood studios wouldn't touch the play, said it would never pass the censors. I set up a package deal with Marilyn in the lead and it was not only a big box-office hit, but a real breakthrough for Marilyn.

"I started as a producer by packaging Tennessee Williams' play, *A Streetcar Named Desire.* Hollywood was scared of it, said the censors would never allow the rape scene. They even objected to Brando's torn T-shirt! I nursed the package for months, then one night I ran into Jack L Warner and talked him into backing the play. I even had a big advertising campaign showing Brando in his T-shirt. Artistically, financially, the picture was a hit."

People drifted in. A secretary said some big shot was phoning from Paris. Feldman told her to ask him to ring again – next week. A production chief had just flown in from Hollywood and Feldman talked to him for five minutes in another room. Then he resumed his seat in the armchair, the most relaxed man in London.

"Sure, I believe in bucking the system. I bucked it real good in *What's New Pussycat,* which few people understood until it reached the public. They understood, they always do. It's still making considerable profit at the box office."

The veteran of scores o Hollywood policy tussles explained his Method. "Wit movies, the subject-matter i often considered taboo unt someone has the guts and th money to go out and film it. never show a script to anyon not even the Motion Pictur Producers Association, unt my picture is completed. S we have these problems afte the fact rather than befor when people can still tamp with original ideas and try t emasculate the story.

Bucking the system

"Actors? I tell them as muc as they need to know. They' best when they're also buc ing the system. Look wh t happened to Sinatra after e changed character in *Fro Here To Eternity;* to Debor h Kerr after she made love in the waves in the same pictu e. I like to get a lady and c st her as a whore.

"Last year Julie Andrews got an Oscar for playing a f y nanny in *Mary Poppins,* yet this year Julie Christie gets the same award for playing a party girl in *Darling.* Somewhere between these two extreme roles lies the real Julie Andrews, the real Julie Christie. It's attractive screen chemistry, isn't it? Trying to find the real woman . . . it's fun, trying to prove something like that."

The man who has them all in a tizzy over his juggling of the "chemistry" of *Casino Royale* smiled thoughtfully. "Yeah," he said. "It's real fun, proving things."

THIS IS

WESTMINSTER

Westminster is the richest city in the country. Its rateable value is £106,817,654. This is equal to the rateable value of Birmingham, Liverpool and Sheffield combined. The City Council comprises 70 members – 60 elected councillors and 10 Aldermen. Resident population is 266,700, but this swells to double with the daily influx of workers into its 5,334 acres.

John Smith, Conservative MP for the Cities of London and Westminster since last November, lives at No 1 Smith Square – calls it "a fluke."

Anyone attempting to emulate Guy Fawkes could find himself sidetracked if he chanced upon the Valentia Vat. This is a huge drum, hidden in the musty warren of vaults and cellars under the House of Commons. It can hold 1,000 gallons of Scotch whisky. Traditionally, it is always kept at least half-full. Another, smaller vat contains 300 gallons of Irish whiskey. Among the sources using supplies from the Commons' cellars are Buckingham Palace and St James's Palace.

Many Westminster residents cross Vauxhall Bridge Road to shop in Pimlico. They say it's cheaper.

Mr Charles Edward Lloyd knows MPs' taste in books – and their bargaining ability. For Mr Lloyd, 55, has had a bookstall in Dean Bradley Street for 20 years. And Members sell him their unwanted books when their reading interests change, or they lose their seats and have to forsake the splendour of Westminster for the careers they followed before. Mr Lloyd, short and wiry, with greying hair, holds stall licence 632, says "The gentlemen from Parliament have varied tastes in books . . . from Oriental myths to pig-breeding, embroidery to magic."

44,000 cars pass through Parliament Square every day.

On 7 June, *The Black and White Minstrel Show* will have given 2,510 performances at the Victoria Palace. By the second house on that night, 3,400,000 people will have seen the show in the four years since it opened on 25 May 1962.

They have had to build a new Scotland Yard. In the fight against the mounting crime-wave, the Metropolitan Police have inevitably been forced to establish a vast administrative machine. The massive pile of "The Yard," built by Norman Shaw in 1891, can no longer contain the ever-expanding departments. New headquarters are in Broadway.

In its 900 years, the Abbey has seen everything . . . Coronations, Royal weddings and every conceivable form of remembrance or memorial service. It was founded by Edward the Confessor, and has its own unwritten constitution, formulated over the centuries. "Behold, ye builders, demigods who made England's Valhalla." – *Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, 1832-1914.*

More hotels, theatres and other places of entertainment are within Westminster's boundaries than there are in any other city in the world.

If the world was not shocked by the barefaced theft of the Stone of Destiny, Scotland Yard, the Government and the hard core of our Establishment were. The man-in-the-street most likely viewed it as a cheeky and successful operation. Journalists saw it as a good running story. But the "villains" who took it regarded it differently, and from a nationalistic Scottish standpoint. Every year, at Christmas, one of the raiding party returns to Westminster Abbey, and spends three minutes in silent contemplation as he stands in front of Edward the Confessor's throne.

Westminster Council has acquired an old 28-acre site at St Marylebone good yards. This will be comprehensively developed to house 2,000 families, provide a school and welfare centre. Plans should be on view to the public by autumn.

On the sixth floor of Palace Chambers, 47-year-old New Yorker, Mr Andrew Roth publishes *Parliamentary Profiles*. He began in 1957, after being a foreign correspondent. "Covering the Commons," he says, "I found I had all sorts of questions in my mind about Members, to which I could not get satisfactory answers for myself. For a lot of interested people there was not this kind of personal information readily available." He provides newsletters and "confrontation sheets," background assessments and biographies. The publication that occasionally causes Members to worry about their blood-pressure is his *Westminster Confidential*, which appears 50 times a year.

Westminster extends from Kilburn in the north, south to the Thames, east to the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand and west to the Albert Hall.

ANIMALS TO TEACH LONDON CHILDREN

The Greater London Council is to enlarge its experiment this summer of sending travelling zoos to London parks for a week at a time. It was first tried last summer, and due to its "terrific success," the GLC has doubled the visits.

The miniature travelling zoos, or pets' corners, contain calves, rabbits, sheep, and goats – the kind of animals found in children's zoos like the GLC's at Battersea Park and Crystal Palace. Unfortunately these two zoos are not easily reached by all London children, and the council felt that children living in flats in very densely built-up areas were missing the chance to see animals anywhere but on TV. Said a spokesman: "These children have very little chance to go to the country, or to visit places like zoos, which simulate an environment where they could mix with animals. We have decided to bring the country to them."

Six parks were visited last year. Five ponies gave 38,750 rides at threepence each. Crowds turned out at each of the parks, and the council found that travelling had not been detrimental to the animals' health. London children will have the opportunity to see monkeys, foreign squirrels, and Indian hill mynahs this year.

All of the animals in the travelling zoos are tame animals that children can fondle. "The main purpose of these visits," said the spokesman, "is to encourage children to mix with the animals and to fondle them, so they won't grow up being afraid of animals. We would not bring anything dangerous."

The eight London parks farthest away from GLC zoos will be visited, beginning on 1 June at Victoria Park, and continuing on to Brickfield Gardens in Limehouse, Geraldine Mary Harmsworth Park in Southwark, Peckham Rye Park, Finsbury Park, Ravenscourt Park in Hammersmith, Southwark Park, and Hornfair. The tour will finish by revisiting Victoria Park.

For Gunilla, with love

Introducing Jerry Schafer who plans to take the British theatre by storm. He'd like to put on gladiatorial combat in the Albert Hall, but first he is planning to make his wife into a star, writes J ROGER BAKER.

In London rehearsing a show that he hopes will shoot his wife into the top ranks of stardom is American producer Jerry Schafer. The need to show off a young bride afflicts most men – it is probably a by-product of that heady marriage-ceremony moment. In practical terms, Schafer is in a better position to do this effectively than most men. And the tall, willowy, blonde, exquisitely polished Gunilla is the fortunate girl – the actress who married a producer.

"She's going to be really good," says Schafer, speaking as though Gunilla were not beside him. "I think she has the greatest potential of anyone I've worked with." And considering he has just spent a couple of years in Las Vegas working with people like Judy Garland, Pat Boone, Jane Merrow and Polly Bergen it is a statement of confidence that exceeds even the greatest excesses in young-married bliss.

The reason Schafer has chosen to launch his wife, and his show, in Britain rather than in America – where he is, in fact, *persona grata* with both his colleagues and the press – reveals the shifting pattern of show-business.

"For one thing, production costs over here are about a quarter of those in America. And while American musicals don't seem to do too well in London, I can see a lot of British musicals going well on Broadway." He shrugged aside *West Side Story* as an exception and *My Fair Lady* as basically English anyway. His theory is that if he can take his show to America trailing clouds of British success behind him, it will have a much greater chance on Broadway.

The play is called *That Certain Girl*: Schafer has written it, is producing it, is directing it . . . all for Gunilla. It is all about a long-distance, telephone conducted love affair between a Jewish boy and a Gentile girl. It is a comedy (there's a prototype Jewish mother, a plump girl-friend and two helpful telephone operators involved), a musical (Shorty Rogers has provided 25 numbers, ranging from rock to straight ballad) and has a happy ending. *That Certain Girl* opens in Aberdeen next month and makes its way to the West End via various provincial dates, including Manchester and Leeds. Jerry Schafer is essentially an exuberant young man who has led an exuberant young life. He was born in Los Angeles on Independence Day in 1934 and has been setting off his own personal fireworks ever since. In 1965 the American press voted him Producer of the Year, but he began his career as a stunt-man, fighting, gun-pulling, falling off horses and breaking bones. Oddly, the stunt he most impressed himself with was nothing to do with show-business. While on spare-time ambulance driving he jumped off a 300-foot cliff, at Paradise Cove on the Californian coast, to rescue a stranded holidaymaker.

When he turned to writing, producing and directing, it was, naturally enough, the rough and tumble of past experience that attracted him; the subject was usually the West, the action usually fast and furious. He put a musical stunt show on the road that included a 45-minute gun and fist fight during which Schafer, who appeared in it, finally had his nose broken for the second time in his career.

"Americans are sadists," he says, with a certain degree of relish. "They'll go and see anything where someone has a chance of getting hurt. I don't say *all* Americans are, or *only* Americans are . . . in fact, I guess gladiatorial fights would go down well over here. You know, fighting with tridents and a net. I'd love to organise a match between American and English stunt men. I could put it on at the Albert Hall for just one night. It would make a lot of money."

Television and film scripts flowed from him until, just under two years ago, he was contracted to put on shows for two hotels in Las Vegas. It was tough; he saw men beaten up for not paying gambling debts and learned to play it the bosses' way. "I'd be told to put on a show in 15 days – no budget, but it had got to be a success." Luckily, his shows were successful – still are, in fact: he produced 14 consecutive hits, eight of which are still running. And he pioneered shows in the afternoon – which are now essentials.

There he met Gunilla Hutton: 21-year-old actress, part Swedish, who was with the *Jack Benny Show*. "We hated each other on sight," she says. But they married last August.

That Certain Girl marks a notable change in direction for Schafer. Not only will a provincial tour of the British Isles seem rather different from the gangsters and crap games of Las Vegas, but the show itself will have the elements of neither the stunt spectacle or the girl-studded spectacle. It's just a simple love story.

Schafer cannot resist experimenting with the conventions of the theatre, though. "The orchestra will start playing, the curtain will go up – and the audience will be looking at a big cinema screen." He imagines, delighted, the baffled looks in the auditorium. "During the overture I'm having stills from the play flashed on. And then credits will roll, just like a film." He has another, more elaborate, cinematic trick. "The two families meet at an airport in the play. I shall show this on film, and the actors will walk on to the stage *through their images*."

Schafer has tried to put on a show in this country before. In 1962 he produced a musical called *Go For Your Gun*, which came to a full stop after its first night on tour. "After the performance one of the backers called the cast on to the stage and announced he was going to make alterations. I said 'Have you got a dollar in your pocket? Well call your attorney because I'm selling you this show for one dollar' and that was the end of that. First lesson for a producer – keep the backers well out of it."

Apart from the title role, *That Certain Girl* has a largely British cast, with Amelia Baynton as the Jewish mother (she played a similar part in *Blitz*) and Meir Tzelniker as the father. For Schafer it's a different show, but he still hankers after the flamboyance of the past: "Men were men and wore big swirling cloaks and splendid clothes. You British don't make the most of your history. America does with the Western – and look at it, the biggest money-spinner there is. There must be more armour around here than anywhere else – it would be great to put on medieval tournaments, jousting matches, with stunt men, of course, so no one gets hurt."

Jerry Schafer and his wife, Gunilla Hutton, whom he is grooming for stardom in his new musical "That Certain Girl."

Picture by John Benton Harris

Employment Consultant

by Vera Sugg

Secretaries, shorthand typists and feminine office workers of every kind have never been in such demand as they are today. Never have they found the road to the job so straight and easygoing.

Every day the newspapers carry thousands of classified advertisements for office workers. These advertisements are no longer a few facts put together in any old order. They are written by experts whose aim is to express in the most persuasive language the facts about salary, district, hours, and are there any luncheon vouchers and Saturdays off (you'll have a job to get a girl if they are not).

The demand is largely explained by the tremendous developments in industry during recent years, but there are several other important reasons. Many office workers move from one job to another for experience or more money, or because they don't like the boss or the environment. Some want to work nearer home, some in the City or West End. Others get married, or leave to have a baby. Pension schemes have no hold on these girls, for they do not envisage carrying on until they are 60. The money they can get now, the fringe benefits, the happiness they find in the job, the desire to travel and work their way round the world are some of the reasons for keeping on the move.

Most agencies offer small bonuses to girls on their books as temporaries, for it is essential that every agency of note has a reserve supply of temporaries if only for the use of the agency's regular clients when emergency arises.

Some employers still persist in placing their own advertisements for secretarial staff, but these are rapidly dwindling as the advantages of using employment agencies become more and more apparent. The office industry is probably the only one which has the reserves to fill the gaps created by absent staff. Without them, thousands of firms would often be in difficulties as far as their administrative, secretarial and clerical work was concerned.

After the 1939-45 War I noticed two things: first a desire on the part of girls and women who had been working during the war years to continue to work, and secondly the fact that peacetime business was building up again and employers were having difficulties in getting the type of girl they wanted. There was obviously an urgent need to bring both sides together quickly and efficiently, so I decided to set up as an employment consultant and also to provide a secretarial service to all who needed it.

Since then the agency business has grown enormously, in keeping with the demand. For, in the main, I have built up my agency myself. My own organisation – Vera Sugg Secretarial Services – was founded just after the 1939-45 War.

How does an agency operate? Let us look at my branch in the Strand, for instance. Here I occupy the whole five floors. Three of them, comfortably furnished, are used for reception and interviewing. In each room are three girls, specially selected and trained for interviewing. They have understanding, sympathy and infallible ability to discover an applicant's real qualifications. Sometimes tests are given of shorthand and typing speeds. In all, it is a skilled and fairly lengthy operation carried out by women who know what they are looking for – for the essence of the operation is to get to the employer the right girl for the job. Rarely does it happen that the girl sent to the employer is rejected, or that the girl herself turns down the job.

Afterwards contact is kept with the girls, who are offered advice and help on any problem; on how to dress, make up, study; on how to get work abroad, or anything else likely to promote their happiness.

Most firms nowadays have their own personnel or staff manager who, apart from many other duties, has the responsibility of finding replacements for girls who are leaving or absent. Though these managers have themselves to interview girls sent to them by the agencies, they know that the agency interviewer will have sent them good, vetted material, and it is largely a question of the manager coming to an agreement over salary and conditions.

An essential safeguard for the employer is the fact that no agency can operate without a licence from the local authority, and no local authority will grant one unless they have thoroughly satisfied themselves that the applicant has the premises and the staff able to carry out agency business efficiently. No charge is made to the girl who is placed into a job. It is the employer who, once the agency has provided a satisfactory placement, pays a fee. This nowadays he gladly does, recognising that otherwise he could be let in for even greater expense of money and time by advertising himself and by holding perhaps several interviews before he could find the right girl for the job.

Another side to the employment business which has developed in recent years and which I helped to initiate, is that of sending British girls to jobs in the United States and other countries abroad.

Some time ago, in thinking about the rapid growth of the employment agency business and foreseeing the importance to business of women, particularly top secretaries, I decided it was high time I wrote a book into which I could put all the experience and knowledge I had to help and advise girls in their careers from inexperienced school-leaver to top secretary. This book, which will be published next autumn, takes them through every phase of office life, from going for their first job to the stage of becoming the boss's right hand. I have kept it light, interesting and often humorous, and I hope it becomes a standard textbook for every girl. It is called *Almost a Marriage* – a title which every secretary who spends eight or nine hours a day working for one man will appreciate.

THE LADY IS AN UNDERCOVER MAN

Danny La Rue as an Irish nurse. The finale of the show involves a series of brilliant quick changes.

Danny La Rue as a waitress in a Chinese restaurant. It is in Soho and (surprise!) run by a Cockney.

Danny La Rue as Lady Cynthia Grope – a familiar impersonation for regulars at his club.

During the last few years the spy has passed into popular mythology: he has been glamorised, treated with cynicism, run down and sent up. This week he goes both musical and transvestite when Bryan Blackburn's new show *Come Spy With Me* opens at the Whitehall Theatre. Danny La Rue has the leading role – a secret service agent called Danny Rhodes (Rhodes – roads – street – la Rue . . . *yes?*) working for MI6 (boss: Richard Wattis). To avoid recognition in his pursuit of a bunch of international crooks, Danny La Rue has to assume various female disguises (surprise surprise), including impersonations of several members of the cast – Barbara Windsor and Valerie Walsh among them. Regulars at Danny La Rue's nightclub will be happy to note that Lady Cynthia Grope crops up as well. Though clearly a vehicle for this country's leading drag artist, the show – which Blackburn, actor and lyric writer, has been working on for over a year – contains other fun people, like Gary Miller, Rose Hill and Jenny Logan, and is being directed by inventive Ned Sherrin.

Singing actor Gary Miller is Special Agent VO3, who, of course, rounds up the baddies by the final curtain.

Valerie Walsh as Tamara Flesch with Barrie Gosney as an Arabian diplomat. Both on the wrong side.

Barbara Windsor, who plays Mavis Apple, lift girl at the Hilton. She suffers from a fear of heights.

London Life in New York

BRITONS (AND THEIR BIRDS) TAKE OVER

The second colonisation of the United States by Britain is under way. A new generation of Britons and their Birds is in the process of taking New York by storm. *London Life* makes an on-the-spot assessment of this incredible situation. Report from New York by DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN.

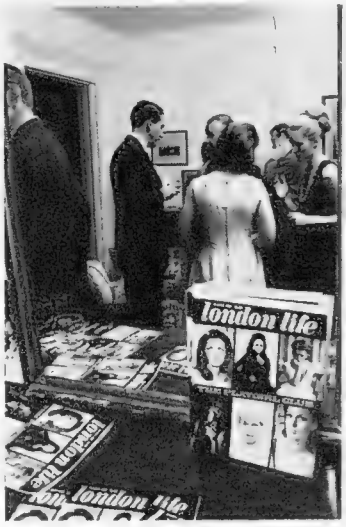
The new-style Londoner is making an enormous impact in almost every trend-setting and creative field in New York. The "London look," the "London sound," the "London style" are the talk of the city. Many of the new invaders are making the kind of money they never even dreamed about; most of them are sharp, ruthless and totally removed from the traditional American concept of the Englishman, but, above all, most of them are desperately homesick.

"The British are coming," proclaims an enormous hoarding on the side of the Rockefeller Plaza, announcing the imminent opening of the first permanent British Trade Centre overseas. It's already out of date, for the English have arrived and they are swarming unceremoniously over everything.

Ten years ago, when I first came to New York, I, and others like me, came to learn. We came to acquire some of the drive and the superb professionalism shown by Americans in everything they did.

The new generation of Briton has not come to New York to learn: he has come to spread the gospel.

It has all happened so fast that the New Yorkers hardly know what has hit them. They have become so used to creating a way of life and exporting it as they have done ever since the end of the 1914-18 War, that they are finding it difficult to accept the mass British takeover, in the fields of pop music, fashion, discothèques and even language, photography and journalism. For the first time for nearly 50 years their confidence in themselves has been shaken and at present they are in a state of rout.



Holding up a mirror to Britons in New York. This, and the other pictures on these pages, were taken at a *London Life* party – a get-together of the men and women who are taking over, over there.

On arrival in New York I gave a party for the new colonisers – and some of the older ones too – to find out how they were enjoying their success and what future plans they had for the subject race.

Mr John Basford, the resident director of Barclay's Bank in New York, who has lived there for the past 13 years, came with his wife and confessed: "I have made a gigantic clanger once and I don't intend to repeat it if possible. When I heard the Beatles were coming to America for the first time I thought it was little short of a national disaster. I thought it would be the flop of all time." Looking round at the models, hairdressers, designers, boutique owners, and interior decorators, he refused to leave until he had met them all. Ignoring his wife's protests that they were late for their next appointment, he said: "This is what it is all about today. It is my business to understand it."

Commander Whitehead, the man who IS Schweppes to millions of Americans from coast to coast, cast a benign eye over the proceedings.

One of the great success stories of this year has been that of Terry Hooper and his model wife, Prue, who had the idea for Paraphernalia, the British boutique on Madison Avenue. Terry Hooper has been a man of many parts. He has earned his living in a variety of ways – as designer, croupier, male model and film extra. He came to New York only 13 months ago because he felt they needed him. He did not hesitate to tell the President of the Puritan Dress Coy, a multi-million-dollar dress combine, exactly what he should do to expand his business and persuaded him to back his new boutique, Paraphernalia. Today Terry Hooper has a five-figure income, has opened nine other Paraphernalia boutiques across the United States, plans to have more than 100 more in the next two years, and has been made a vice-president of the company.

His aim in life? To get back to England as soon as he is able. "The work has been a challenge. I have enjoyed every minute of it, but once work is over New York is for the birds. We set the style today and they just are not on the same wavelength. When it comes to social life, and the exchange of ideas, we have nothing in common. Prue and I desperately miss the King's Road, Chelsea. I know it will cost me a lot of money, but I want to be home."

Another guest was Sevilla Glas-Hooper, striking dark-haired former top model turned interior decorator, who has been in New York where she has been lionised for the past six months. "I can't pretend I don't find it exciting here, because I do, but I think I have got to get back. Every city has its moment and I think London is having it now. It is just no time to be away."

This nostalgia and homesickness was common to almost everybody. Tommy Yeardye, once a lorry driver, and better known for his past activities as an escort of Diana Dors, has brought his wife to America to live, where they have made a fortune in 12 months launching home-heated rollers. He is under no illusions: "I would much rather be back in London. But where else can I make this kind of loot?"

Lawrence Taylor, the resident director of Vidal Sassoon, whose hair salon only two doors down from the Paraphernalia boutique is the nerve centre of the British invasion, had few reservations. "I like it here and I mean to stay," he told me. "The work has been exciting and it is so much easier to get things done. The Vidal haircut has become the badge of the 'with-it' girl. I shall not be happy until we have conquered the whole continent."

Not so sure

Some of my guests were not career people. They had become New Yorkers by marrying Americans. New York is their permanent home. Pamela Rowe, a top model who has shown British fashions all over the world, married an American advertising executive who was working in London. They had two children and as they began to grow up, her husband wanted to return to New York, chiefly because he did not want his children to be brought up as little Englishmen. Now, after only six months back in New York, he is not so sure.

Sheelagh Lynch, who has been one of my closest friends for more than 10 years, has no such worries. She married Paul Manno, one of America's outstanding interior decorators, who was responsible for some of the White House during the Kennedy régime, and whose knowledge of antiques is

almost unequalled in the United States.

"I now have the money to surround myself with beautiful things," she told me. "I enjoy most of the New York social life. I enjoy being a hostess. I miss some things about London, but I must confess that I miss them less and less.

The London success has been achieved at least, in part, because it has not been promoted or sponsored. It is not the brainchild of some enterprising public relations consultant. It has just happened spontaneously. But already the heavyweight commercial mob are moving in and the result will almost certainly be an enormous increase in dollar earnings for Britain.

Dollar chances

Alexander Hay, whose company promotes the London Look in Food, is one of the men behind the new British Trade Centre. This has got government backing, but was the result of independent British businessmen getting together to organise joint promotion. Eric Ingledew, one of the chief sales executives of BOAC in New York, has no doubt about the commercial value: "We have now got unprecedented opportunities to sell Britain over here. We may never get another opportunity like it. The combination of the old pomp and tradition, together with the new image of 'swinging London,' is proving irresistible.

"In the old days people would come to London for two days *en route* to the Continent. Now it is the other way round. At the same time the English succes in New York has made it a much less frightening city for the ordinary British tourist to visit. BOAC can now give return fare, some sightseeing and 14 nights in New York for only £121 9s 0d."

It is all go, and all great if you are British at the moment. Yet I can't help wondering if the homesick Briton will be as contented as he thinks once he returns. He has quickly come to accept the high standards of services, the many aids to modern living, and the genuine efficiency of the American scene. As I took the seven-minute helicopter flight from the centre of New York to the Kennedy Airport for considerably less than the taxi cost me once I had arrived in London, I thought New York had a lot to recommend it – but then perhaps it is the city for 35-year-old squares like myself.

The new look, London style. Terry Hooper (left) and dress-designer Gerald McCann (note the white buttons), discussing their next New York moves with bland confidence that comes of dealing with friendly natives.

London Life in New York *(continued)*

Britons old and new. In the foreground on the left are Tommy Yeardye and his wife Ann chatting with Lawrence, the director of Vidal Sassoon in New York. With his back to them is the confident, distinguished, bearded, urbane-looking Commander Whitehead . . . Sch . . . you know who.

Mr Steve Neuman, President of the British Menswear Guild in New York, kisses the hand of British model Sandra Paul. In the background (left to right): Mr Alexander Hay, John Trout of the British Information Services, and David Wynne-Morgan.

Jane Carter, British reporter on the American magazine *Newsweek* (left) and an English friend who was apparently receiving a confidential comment from Peter Cobb, BOAC Press Officer.

Eric Ingledew of BOAC talks with Mr and Mrs John Basford. Mr Basford is resident director in New York of Barclay's Bank. In the background, actress Susan Hampshire.

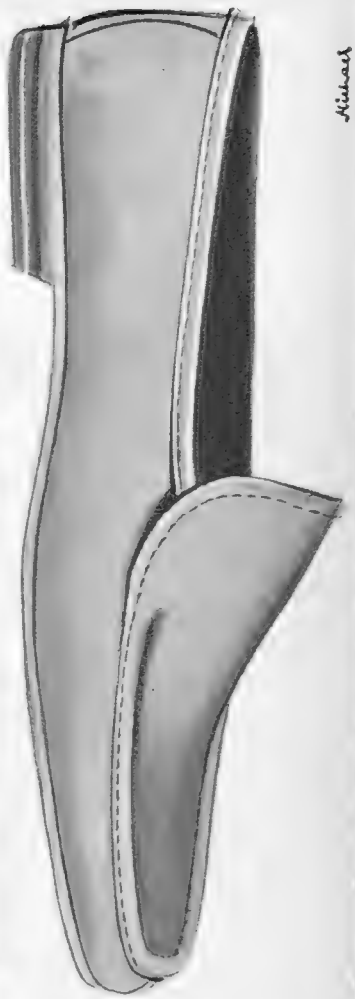
Top model Caroline Graham (note the skirt-length and boots), business executive Simon Thompson, Mrs Peter Blond and Mrs Berry (in glasses), mother of Mrs Terry Hooper.

Matthew Carter and Miss Crossfield-Villiers. Her mother is an author and she is currently a student in Washington, studying politics.

Simon Thompson (holding a copy of *London Life*) with Nancy Fredericks. In the background, James Gilbert, Assistant Editor of the magazine *Flying*.

British model Pamela Rowe shares a settee with her American advertising executive husband Don Walley.

And the man who took the pictures for *London Life* – William Klein, aged 29, and a leading young U.S. photographer.



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WHAT PEOPLE ARE RIDING

Moray Watson (above) with his wife and their children, Robin and Emma – all keen cyclists. Moray Watson is an actor and producer, appearing in *You Never Can Tell*, and presents (with his partner, Philip Grout, the director) *How's The World Treating You?*

Robert Igulden (below), busy City man, photographed in the Underground, between appointments.

Lucy Temple (above), 11 months old, astride Crust, a marvellously good-tempered Alsatian who was brought from Battersea Dogs' Home. Lucy's father, Dick Temple, is an art dealer.

Irlin Hall (below) takes regular exercise on her pogo-stick – which is far more difficult than it looks. She is an actress, now playing in the successful musical *On the Level* at the Savile Theatre.

Sheila Van Bloemen (below) rides a rocking-horse given to her by her husband for her birthday. They own the Troubadour coffee bar in the Old Brompton Road, which is open every day from 11 pm to 2 am, with jazz and folk songs.

Prince Henry Pless (below) rides an old green Army bicycle which he chains to a drainpipe outside his house. He also has a beat-up old bubble-car. His mother was the famous Edwardian beauty, Princess Daisy of Pless.

Mrs June Witney and Mrs Patricia McManus (below), circus artistes, aboard Goldie, one of the Palaminos. They work each year with Gilbert's International Circus, which is at Chessington Zoo from Easter till October.

Chris and Carol Sandford (above) on their Lambretta, which they have had for two years and use all the time. Chris is an actor, and his wife models.

Angela Cash (above), who is a designer for London Town Dresses, swirling on the roundabout in Regent's Park with her nieces, **Joanna** and **Lucy-Jane Cohen.**

Laraine Hawkins (above) spinning round Battersea Fun Fair in a flying machine. Laraine, who is 15, is a model – with Bunny Walker Enterprises, a new agency.

be there

Where

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ANGELA INCE

Round our way the Barbecue Season has started, and I'm not happy about it. May is the month when eager husbands and moody wives drag evil-smelling bags of cob-webby old charcoal out of sheds, and fit together tortuous iron and steel structures which have hopelessly rusted since last year. Men litter the fridge with their own concoctions labelled "barbecue sauce," which a South American Indian would hesitate to dip his arrow-head into. Women are sent out to buy yards of sausages, carcases of lamb chops, and rather a lot of paraffin.

Barbecuing is an almost purely male disease – it comes from America and it's highly contagious. The average man, if asked indoors to lay a spotless lamb chop on a spotless grill, watch it for five minutes, turn it over, watch it for another five minutes and then take if off again, recoils in indignant rage. The same man, if asked to stand over a rusty contraption for two hours in the blazing sun (that's if he's lucky) with wafts of filthy smoke billowing about him while other people drink sun-warmed sherry (which is by no means as attractive as it sounds) will trample elderly ladies under in his eager rush to the garden.

There is a passage in *Gone with the Wind* that exactly describes barbecuing as we think and hope it is going to be: "Even before Twelve Oaks came into view Scarlett saw a haze of smoke hanging lazily in the tops of the tall trees and smelled the mingled savory odours of burning hickory logs and roasting pork and mutton. The barbecue pits, which had been slowly burning since last night, would now be long troughs of rose-red embers, with the meats turning on spits above them and the juices trickling down and hissing into the coals . . . At a distance great enough to keep the smoke away from the guests were the long pits where the meats cooked and the huge iron wash-pots from which the succulent odours of barbecue sauce and Brunswick stew floated. Mr Wilkes always had at least a dozen darkies busy running back and forth with trays . . ."

Well, the name may be the same but apart from that it bears no similarity to what goes on in our garden. To begin with, there is no haze of smoke hanging lazily in the tops of tall trees partly because we haven't got any tall trees and partly because nobody, not even the smoke, has time to be lazy.

We only thought of it half an hour ago when the sun came out, and that is why our husband has just used half a pint of paraffin to light the charcoal with, and that is why we haven't got any troughs of rose-red embers, either.

There are mingled odours, all right, but few would call them savoury. The only darkie about is our husband, blackened as he is with smoke, and *he* certainly isn't running back and forth with loaded trays. And, incidentally, in my experience there is no space great enough in the average English garden to keep the smoke away from the guests.

Wives are expected to have the vegetables ready the instant the meat is cooked, which may mean anything from quarter to one to twenty past four. At the same time they have to stand by their husbands with the deferential and alert attitude of an WRAC sergeant in the presence of her colonel, ready to carry out any little whim or command that may occur to him. They are also expected not to laugh when he upsets a plate of newly charred sausages into the roses. And above all, they are expected to eat the results with cries of ecstasy.

Wives are not the only ones to suffer. Most children, being indoor-lovers and closed-window frowsters to a boy, loathe eating outdoors, particularly if the food has a new flavour to it, which it certainly will have. The average child looks on a new kind of food with the suspicious air of one accepting a puree of deadly nightshade from his wicked stepmother.

Which is why you tend to get this sort of conversation: "Don't mess about with your ham, darling, eat it up." "I'm just scraping off these little pieces of dirt." "That's not dirt, darling, that's lovely charcoal." "Well, it looks like dirt, and it smells like dirt, and it tastes . . ." "You can either eat it up like a sensible boy or go straight indoors and have lunch by yourself." "Oh good. Can I go now please?"

As far as barbecues are concerned, I second that.

In the last year or so the British public has undergone strikes that have involved personnel connected with travel by air, rail, and, at time of going to press, sea. In fact, the only underprivileged group that have not struck yet are the travellers themselves. I think something should be done about it, and I plan to start a National Union for Travellers and Holiday-Makers (NUTH).

Goodness knows, we'd find plenty to strike about.

We could strike, for a start, about cross and unhelpful porters, those air-hostesses who treat us like a pack of backward and potentially dangerous children, the awful food on plane and train, the filthy dirt of our main-line stations, that wind on London Airport that turns our freshly done-for-Paris hairdo into a muddled bird's nest, that road to London Airport that always seems to be "single line only" when we're in a hurry, the suspicious way that man at passport control compares us with our photograph (as well he might, to be fair), the way they always serve ham and eggs on cross-Channel steamers during the roughest crossing of the year, all that nonsense about 21.00 hours that means you have to do a mental sum before you know whether you've missed your plane or not, those men on railway stations with big brooms that they use for sweeping dust over your feet.

All those things, in fact, that make travelling on Trains and Boats and Planes a whole lot less glamorous than Burt Bacharach made it sound in his song.

THE SAD PICTURE OF THE GAY HUSSAR

After 300 years Westminster City Council have decided that a building in Greek Street is a bit unsafe. The building is that redoubtable restaurant, The Gay Hussar, resort of hungry politicians, business wheels and Fleet Street types. Mr Victor Sassie, the proprietor for the last 12 years, says the almost total reconstruction of his restaurant, to conform to Council standards of safety, will cost £20,000. Target date for reopening is 14 July and the place will look almost the same as our picture on the right, taken before the demolition. Above: Mr Sassie in mid-reconstruction.

Picture by John Kelly

FABLES FOR THE FAIR . . .

After our recent nostalgia for Victoriana, are we turning to Edwardian times, when society was gayer, attitudes more sentimental and everyone increasingly conscious of the status and temperament of women? *Fables for the Fair* by "One of Them" was first published in 1902, and it is to be republished on 26 May by Sidgwick and Jackson, at 10s 6d. CAROLE D'ALBIAC has edited four of the fables in the collection, and added illustrations from the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch* of the year 1902.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS TOO DISINTERESTED

There was once a Woman whose Fiancé Evinced an Interest in Somebody Else. To this she Paid No Attention.

Said she, "I shall Not Place a Straw in his Way! he must Act as his Conscience Dictates."

"He is much More Likely," said her Friends, "to Act as the Other Woman Dictates unless you Take some Trouble to Prevent It. Although he is really Fonder of You."

"Then there is No Occasion for my Taking any Trouble," said she. "I rely on my own Fidelity and the Support of a Good Conscience."

Later her Fiancé assured her that He was Unworthy of Her, and Still Later he Married the Other Woman.

Nor did she Win even the Pity of Her Friends. The reason was that they Considered that she had Brought it On Herself.

This teaches us that Virtue is its Only Reward.

THE WOMAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

There was once a Woman who Understood her Fellow Men very Thoroughly. When she Found a Man who Satisfied all her Requirements. She Brought to Bear upon him All her Information concerning His Sex. One day the Man's Sister Called on Her and said, "It is a Good Thing that you are So Strong, for so is He, and He does Not Like Delicate Women."

At this the Woman Smiled. "I should be Very Foolish were I to Act on This Hint," said she. "My Knowledge of Men teaches me that Such Men invariably Prefer Women of Opposite Disposition from Themselves." So when he Next Saw her she Told him that she was Terribly Afraid of Mice and Could Not Walk Far.

Again His Sister Called on Her and said, "It is a Good Thing that you Understand Politics so Well, for he is Much Interested in them, and says that All Intelligent Women should be, too."

By and by he Stopped Calling, and she Learned to her Horror that he had Engaged himself to a Woman who had Written a Pamphlet on the Housing of the Poor. She herself had Given a great Many Ideas on this Subject to the Other Woman. Thus she Realized that the Man was Peculiar.

This teaches us that Things are Sometimes What they Seem.

THE WOMAN WHO TOOK ADVICE

There was once a Woman who Had the Opportunity of Marrying Either of Two Brothers she Preferred. Since they had Both of them Good Points she decided to Consult their Sister as to Which in her Opinion would Make the Best Husband. "I Think," she said, "that I shall Take John. He is So Good."

"But," said the Sister, "He Gobbles his Soup and Sugars his Lettuce. To say nothing of Buttering his Bread in Slabs. We have Never been Able to Teach him Better."

"But he Reads Browning so Beautifully!" cried the Woman.

"You will Hear him Eat Soup Oftener than you will Hear him Read Browning," said the Sister.

"I am Sure that he would Never Love any Other Woman but Me so Long as he Lived," said the Woman.

"But he has an Inveterate Habit of Reading Aloud all the Jokes in all the Funny columns of all the Papers, No Matter what You are Reading," replied the Sister. "You would Find that very Trying, as you are Fond of Reading to Yourself."

"I am Sure he would Give his Life for Me!" cried the Woman.

"If you will Pause and Consider," replied the Sister, "you will Realise that the Probabilities of his being Called upon to Do That are very Few indeed. Whereas the fact that he is very Careless about Brushing his Clothes will be Daily Apparent to you."

"But are you Sure that Down in the Bottom of his Heart he is a Perfectly Good Man?"

"Not at all," replied the Sister. "I have No Means of Seeing the Bottom of his Heart. But he Always Opens the Door for me and Hopes I Slept Well."

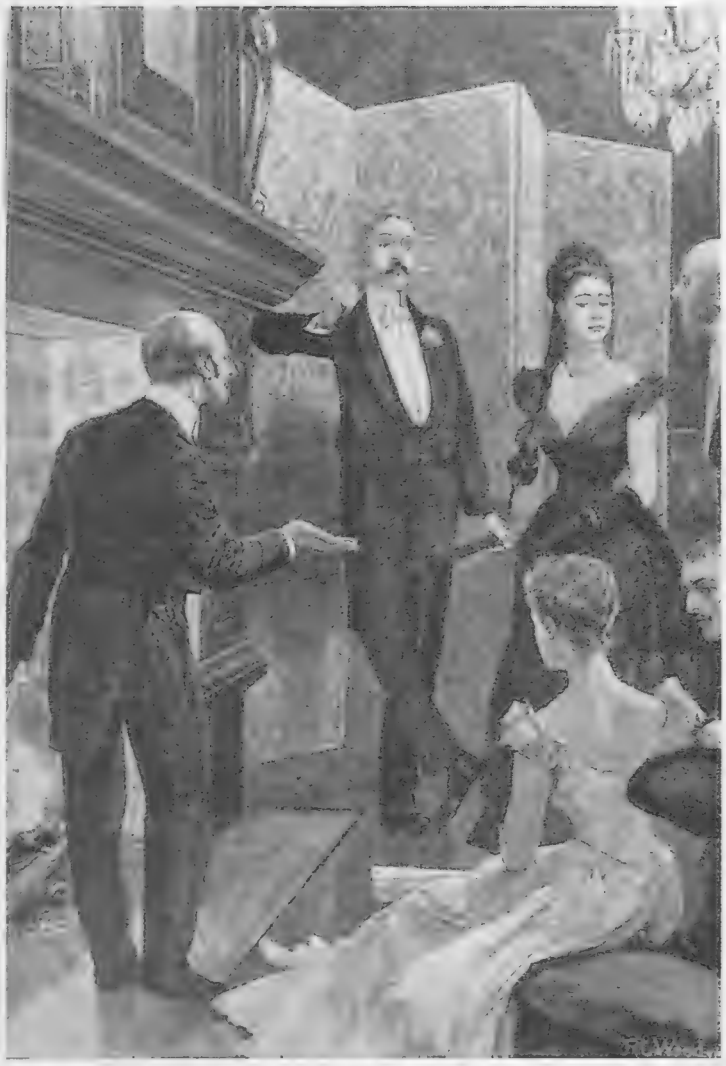
"How do you Know," said the Woman, "that in some Tremendous Spiritual Crisis he would not Fail Me?"

"I Dont," the Sister replied. "We have Never had Any of Those in the Family. I should Not Marry with a View to having Them, I Think. But you are Certain to have Soup."

"Very well," said the Woman, "if that is your Advice, I will take Henry."

Which she Did and Lived Happily ever Afterwards.

This teaches us to Take Care of the Manners, and the Morals will Take Care of Themselves.



THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD OPERA

There was once a Woman who Thoroughly Understood and appreciated Grand Opera. She had a Cousin who did not Know an Oboe from a Bass-Drum, nor a Tenor from a Barytone. Nevertheless she Enjoyed the Opera

One day they were Presented to a Great Tenor. The Woman who Understood Opera spoke to him as Follows:

"Do you not Think the Overture to 'Tannhäuser' is a Beautiful Thing? But the Eighth Bar of Your Aria in the First Scene was a Little Hurried. Am I Right?"

"Very Probably," replied the Great Tenor. "And does your Cousin, too, Like the Opera?"

"Very much," said the Cousin. "Especially since I have learned to Distinguish between the Kinds."

"And How do you Do that?" inquired the Great Tenor, with Interest.

"Oh, there are Many Points of Difference," she replied. "In the First Place, the Women wear Flowing Robes in German Opera, but Corsets and Trains in Other Kinds. In German Opera they are Differently Dressed, but in Other Kinds they all Look Alike and Put their Hands on their Hearts all Together."

"Henceforth I shall Observe the Chorus very Carefully," said the Great Tenor. "You are Evidently an Adept at This. I suppose you Rarely make a Mistake?"

"Not Often," said the Cousin, Modestly. "Although Some things are Perplexing. They Wave their Arms About much the Same in Both Kinds, and the Heroines almost always wear Neat Bronze Shoes with Two Straps. So sometimes, when Your Mantle is Medium Length, I have No Means of Judging."

"I am Sure that All you Need is a little More Practice," said the Great Tenor, "and it would Give me Great Pleasure to Place a Stall in the Fourth Row at your Disposal for Tomorrow Night. I should be Glad to Include your Cousin but Unfortunately I have No More Seats Left."

This teaches us that Too Much Learning is a Dangerous Thing.

POT-THROWERS OF CHELSEA

In an age of mass production it becomes increasingly difficult for the machine-battered person to try creating something with his hands, thus escaping for a while at least into a quieter era. Chelsea offers facilities for artists in most fields, but leading the way is the Chelsea Pottery in Radnor Walk. When he opened the studio in 1952, David Rawnsley realised there would be a fine opening for the do-it-yourself public.

So alongside the Pottery proper he opened another studio to which people could come along and learn to "throw" a pot or two. Members can use it as they please between nine in the morning and nine in the evening, sometimes later. Clay and tackle is provided, also tuition, though as the present principal Brian Hubbard points out, teaching is only required right at the beginning and then occasionally as the pupil feels he needs it. David Rawnsley moved to Nassau in 1960 and opened another pottery there, and has since opened studios in Mexico and Italy.

Children are welcome at the studio. "We have about 30 on our books at the moment; the youngest is probably about six," says Mr Hubbard. "It is a very flourishing section." The commercial side of the studio generally produces on commission and handles anything from simple bowls to massive murals.

Membership of the Studio costs 7 guineas a year and lessons are 7s 6d an hour. Students also foot the cost of the clay they use – current rate 4d a pound – and an additional 6d for every hour spent on the premises. But facilities include use of wheels (there are four electric ones and one foot-pedal one for the energetic), glazes and kilns. The premises are in an old coaching house and the atmosphere is free and friendly.

Photographs: John Bignall

Teacher Ian Godfrey with student and clay.

A finished product: Ian Godfrey indicates to a student group methods of painting a bowl.

General activity . . . potters from all over the world can drop in to pursue their work in freedom.

There are about 30 children enrolled at the school.

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It's easy with three hands

Firmly seated on a telephone directory or two, jazz pianist Erroll Garner (right) will spark off afresh the tales and theories about his talents and success when he begins his British concert tour.

Erroll Garner's disputed place in the hierarchy of jazz is discussed by COLIN BELL, who produces several reasons why jazz-snobs should conquer their prejudices and go to the Festival Hall on 28th May to hear the first jazz musician ever to win a Gold Disc for selling a million copies of one LP. As Garner says: "The audience is the fourth member of my trio, and it plays right along with me."

Erroll Garner is one of the very few jazz musicians to have penetrated the consciousness not only of the mass public, but of Fleet Street. His arrival here for a seven-concert tour, opening at the Festival Hall on 28 May, will undoubtedly be marked by a rash of popular stories emphasising his stature (5 ft. 2 in.), his inability to read music, his ability to sweat off nine pounds at a concert, and the fact that *Newsweek* remarked, several years ago, that he was "the man for whom the piano was invented."

By the standards of the zealots, Garner is a sell-out: not least because that's what he is commercially. His career spans the gulf between stride piano and jazz in white tie and tails. His first appearances were on riverboats, he first attracted attention as a minor member of the bop revolution (he can be heard driving away behind Parker on some early Savoys), and he is today matched only by the ineffable Brubeck and the inaudible MJQ as a popular jazz attraction. On the way, he wrote *Misty*, a pretty tune which has been given the accolade of a Sinatra recording, plus some 60 others.

Undoubtedly, on 28 May he will bounce on stage at the Festival Hall, grin at the packed and cheering house, clamber aboard several telephone directories and a piano stool, and launch into an obscurely pretty introduction. Eight or 16 bars later, he will hammer out the theme to some ubiquitous jazz standard, the audience will roar with applause at its own relief on recognising the tune, and wham – Garner will be away again, like some brilliant, if predictable, Matthews, dribbling past the defence with incredible grace and power.

Ed Calhoun and Kelly Martin will lay down the solid, and in Garner's presence almost redundant, rhythmic line; and Erroll himself will turn out an object lesson in Erroll Garner. The left hand, irrevocable, irresistible, chording its way through the repertoire like a Ferrari in heat: the right, ever so slightly behind, alternately tracing the melodic line or flashing through baroque inventions on a theme. For any pianist with flawless pitch, impeccable rhythm and three hands, the easiest style in jazz to parody.

Terrible problem

For the purist, Garner poses a terrible problem. There's no doubt that much of what he plays is splendid – but is he intellectually respectable? If Semprini, or Russ Conway, announces that he is about to play a jazz number, it neither increases nor diminishes the contempt in which those performers are held by the inquisitors of the Charing Cross Road. Since the performer is regarded as beyond hope, the performance is irrelevant to the quest of the grail. On the other hand, once a jazz musician has travelled all the way out to the boundaries of Satchmodom, or in British terms, received the Ackerlade, then again, why worry?

Garner is, however, right there in the middle, along with Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Getz in his Bossa Nova mood: an indisputably great jazz musician who can play and behave like he was trying to earn a living, for crying out loud. Nothing embarrasses a purist more than for an idol to raise a laugh which doesn't require secret knowledge. Make jokes, sure, but make jokes about private things – not jokes that are like funny for *them*.

Few young pianists play like him – in a way, to do so would be so obviously derivative as to be humiliating. But not all great musicians attract emulation: Armstrong, Parker, and among pianists, Hines, Tatum, and Monk, played in such a way that all who followed had to echo. Garner, like Pee Wee Russell or Bud Freeman, invented a wholly personal voice, uses it to say remarkable things, and sparked no school.

Any night-club pianist can play a chorus in the style of Garner: but only Garner can sustain a whole concert in which the beat never flags, and the ideas never pall.

So what does the ideologue conclude? Is this man another black sheep, debasing his talent for a mess of royalties, Uncle Tomming his way through variety-hall concerts?

Well, he certainly isn't the greatest jazz pianist in the world – whatever his publicity may say. At the last count, there were 719 pianists for whom this title was claimed, and that can't include Ahmad Jamal. Garner is good, very good: but absolute qualitative judgments of this sort are ludicrous. One cannot measure Garner agains Hines or Monk or Peterson any more than one can compare El Greco and Dufy (or Hemingway and Austen) and hope to derive any benefit from the exercise. He has tremendous technique, indeed for sheer power and spread (number of notes covered by the extended hand) is unbeatable.

Afloat and ashore

He started in bars, afloat and ashore, where they couldn't afford rhythm or horns: and as a result, immune from the influences of musical theory, he mounts a rhythm section in one hand, and a battery of melodic soloists in the other.

Whether or not he is a great jazz original, he is certainly a great jazz performer in the sense that he can generate, single-handed, both the rhythmic excitement and the melodic interest of jazz. Monk, he isn't: in fact, thinking back to the deliberately provocative harmonic shenanigans of early bop, one wonders what straight-shooting old Erroll did when Parker suddenly decided everyone should take a quick run round the rulebook and come out the other harmonic side. Probably vamped like mad.

But every examination of Garner (and frankly 20 minutes of *Passport To Fame* or the recent *A Night At The Movies* is worth several hundred thousand words) comes back to his irresistible bounce. It is undeniably irritating of him to preface every number with a Cook's Tour of the keyboard, and arch, to say the least, to sling in any and every musical quote that fits the chord sequence: but what the hell, he still swings like mad, and some of the quotes are actually funny.

No, I think you should go to his concerts, whatever your preconceptions: I mean, don't *clap* when you recognise the tune, or anything like that, but you can laugh without losing face. Listen, you're not going to hear all that number of musicians who can swing the Festival Hall with one hand, or even two, and if you ever hear one of those Parker albums issued for the totally dedicated, where he makes seven tries at the same tune, then you'll know *all* musicians occasionally repeat themselves.

Erroll Garner starts his fourth tour of Britain at the Festival Hall on 28 May. He will also appear at Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, Croydon (9 June) and Brighton (11 June), before returning to London's New Victoria on 12 June.

Brilliant London by night

This is the week of eyes-up for the tallest building, eyes-down the most spectacular view, as everyone talks about the Post Office tower. From that height the effect is rather to diminish

than enhance the sights of London and that fascinating game of spot the landmark can be played more rewardingly from the Martini Terrace high up in New Zealand House. "It would be worth spending all of one day here," comments Ian Nairn, that most ardent commentator of London. But at night the scene takes on a new dimension; from the floodlit facade of St Paul's cathedral to the squat slab of the Royal Festival Hall, the lights give the sights drama – look at stark black Nelson – unknown during the day. *Photo by John Benton Harris*

2 PERSO

WHY I PREFER TO SWIM IN LONDON

by MARY MARGARET REVELL champion long-distance swimmer, who explains why she finds London's swimming pools among the best in the world

People often ask me why, of all the sunny-climated places with water available for training in pleasant circumstances, did I choose London for my home and for training. My answer is quite simple. I love London. Of all the places I've been, I prefer to have my home here.

Yet finding a place to train in London, particularly in the "cooler" months, at a time convenient to my schedule, can be a problem. Thus I may have become somewhat of an expert on the matter. I have three favourite pools, and these are known to many people, judging by the crowds who use them. Swiss Cottage pool, the Oasis in Holborn and the Crystal Palace National Recreation Centre pool.

The Swiss Cottage pool is like home to me. For friendliness and the spirit of co-operation and sportsmanship they cannot be beaten. They have two large pools, both with spectator galleries, both open in the summer months, and one open in winter. Even their locker room attendants are cheerful, talkative and polite. As they open at 8 am and close at 9.30 in the evening, and have facilities for squash as well, they are providing the ratepayers with the maximum value for their money.

The Oasis is just what the name suggests, two pools (one indoor, one out) right in the heart of the West End. If a prize for neat, smartly turned-out attendants were to be given, their lifeguards would walk away with it. Handsome and dapper, this young crew would inspire confidence in even the most feeble swimmer. The indoor pool, while large, appears a little cramped due to the lack of deck space. But that was saved for the outdoor pool, so that one can sun and swim surrounded by huge office buildings with envious workers peering down on the scene.

The locker room facilities at the Oasis, however, are the poorest I have encountered here in London. Changing booths are cramped and uncomfortable, and ladies have to put all their clothes into small boxes, rather than hang them neatly on wire basket hangers. But it is a small criticism for such a lovely pool.

The Crystal Palace pools are among the most sumptuous in England. With an Olympic-size pool, a teaching pool and a diving pool, they provide the most up-to-date facilities. And the water is so clear that when the sun dazzles through the windows it is almost like swimming in the Caribbean. Those windows by the way are panoramic and look out on to green pastures, with miniature donkeys frolicking while you swim. Here you can see many of England's best divers and swimmers being put through their paces by anxious coaches. Sad to say that some of the coaches find it difficult to be either helpful or friendly to any but their own swimmers, a fact which does not do justice to the British tradition of sportsmanship.

Great bargain

It costs 10s to become a member at Crystal Palace, which is run by the GLC. For that yearly membership fee, plus your entrance fee of 2s, much more than swimming facilities are available to you; tennis, squash, gymnastics and a whole range of other sports. A great bargain!

As for the outdoor facilities for sunning and swimming, my pick is the Serpentine. Now I know that groans and hisses will promptly go up about how dirty it is supposed to be. But it is chlorinated, so it is germ free. And only on days when half of London goes to visit, is the mud stirred up. Since it happens only when the sun shines, it doesn't happen often. The course is about one fifth of a mile, so there is plenty of room, and serious swimmers can really stretch out. The superintendent at the "Serps" is Mr "Sid" Richardson, who not only keeps the facilities in good condition, but is also responsible for feeding the Hyde Park waterfowl. And so it is not a strange sight to see the geese come squawking through the sunbathers calling for their food, and keeping up the din until he, or someone else, feeds them.

All my three favourite pools offer lessons in swimming, skin-diving and SCUBA diving, and lessons in a beautiful form of swimming known as Synchronised Swimming (to the layman, best described as "water ballet"). The Serpentine has none of these facilities, but they do have their Serpentine Club. This is a marvellous group of men who brave the rigours of the English climate to swim daily, year-round.

Almost every borough has at least one pool, and a club of swimming enthusiasts who train one or two evenings a week for an hour or more. One can easily join by contacting the secretary of the borough swimming club. At the Swiss Cottage pool for example there are five clubs which train there on different evenings. Each club has a coach or trainer who gives his time free to help with the training sessions, and it is good opportunity for the companionship of other serious swimmers, and the discipline of a trainer.

At the Oasis several evenings are taken up by diving clubs, as is the case at many other local pools. The best clubs are affiliates of the British Sub-Aqua Club. At all of them the safety factor is drilled into you first, and most of the equipment is provided, a charge being made only for the air for the tanks.

Seymour Hall baths are the best place to go for the Synchronised Swimming lessons. These are primarily of interest to girls aged from seven to 21. It is not speed that counts here, but swimming ability only. Thus many girls who do not have the speed for racing can still perform a recognised swimming art.

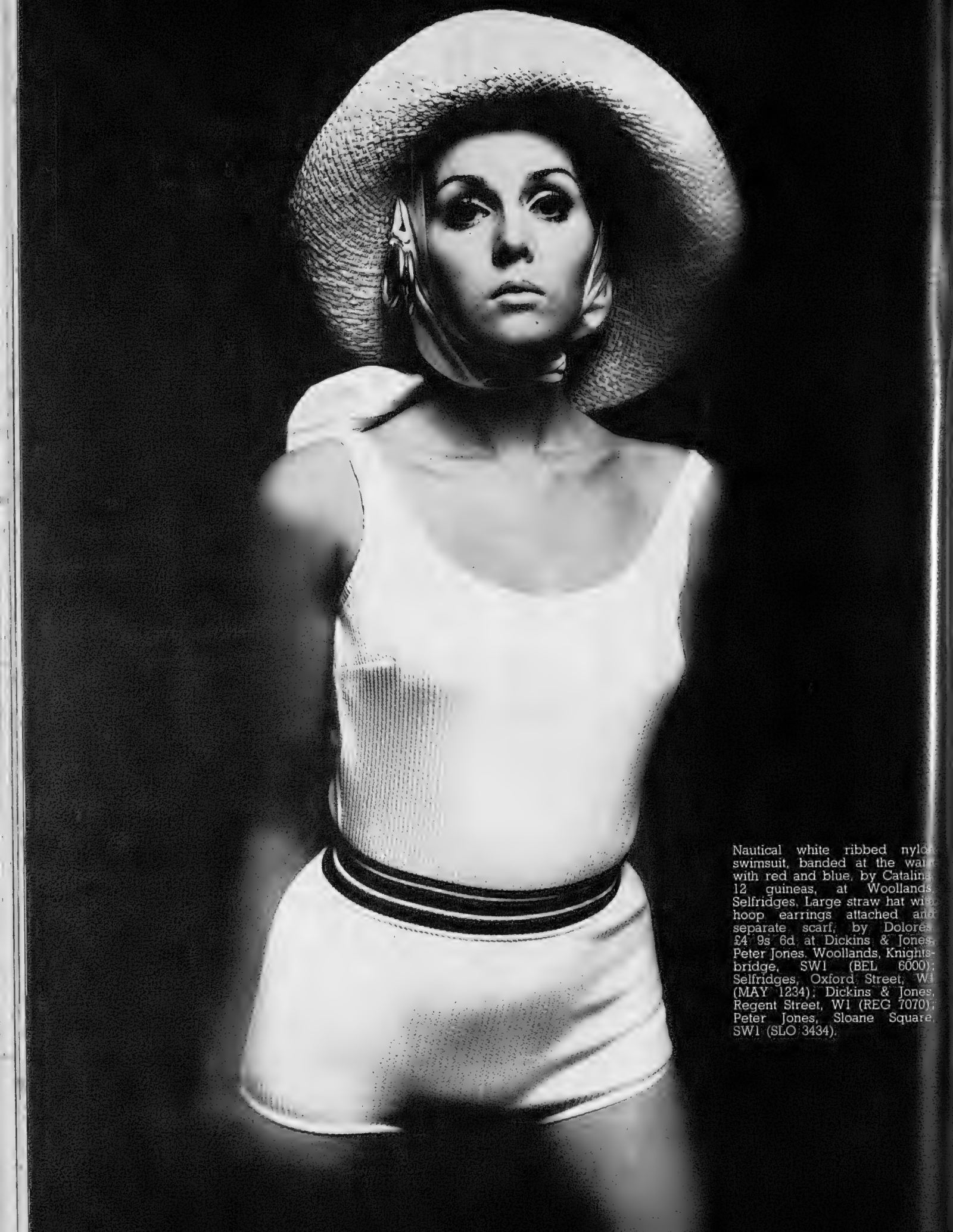
As for private pools, there are a few, but membership for most is quite exclusive. You should be an employee of the Shell Company to use their pool, which is one of the best in London, or live at Dolphin Square, or be a member there, to use their pool and sauna facilities. Having just been newly decorated, and still being under the directorship of Bill Ludgrove, it should be better than ever. At the White House you can swim in absolute bliss, in between drinks at the bar. Since they also provide squash facilities, it is a worthwhile membership. London University has a very good pool, but you really ought to be a student of the university to use it.

Lifeguards' pay

One of the major problems about swimming in London is the trouble of finding lifeguards. Since the salary cannot compare with some better-paying jobs it is difficult to find qualified men to cope with the long hours the pools have to be open. Thus not all pools can provide good hours for training early in the morning. This has presented a problem to many competitive swimmers seriously training for international competition. In Australia or America, early training sessions are more readily available, so this puts a small handicap on British swimmers. But I am assured by the secretary of the Institute of Baths Managers that most of the baths managers try to help. I have been able to train at 8 am every winter morning. These managers also encourage children. Most will give a year's free pass to any child who passes his Bronze Medal exam.

So with all the facilities available (many more than in New York, for example) and with so many friends to swim with, is it any wonder that I prefer London for training?

Mary Margaret Revell tries a change from long-distance swimming – aboard a sailing dinghy on London's Serpentine.



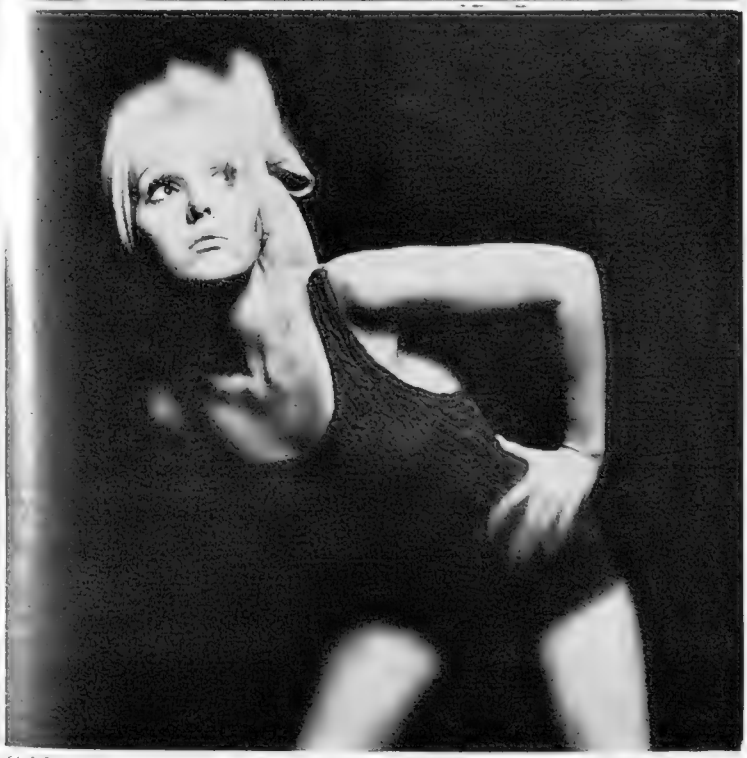
Nautical white ribbed nylon swimsuit, banded at the waist with red and blue, by Catalina, 12 guineas, at Woollands, Selfridges. Large straw hat with hoop earrings attached and separate scarf, by Dolores, £4 9s 6d at Dickins & Jones, Peter Jones, Woollands, Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 6000); Selfridges, Oxford Street, W1 (MAY 1234); Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W1 (REG 7070); Peter Jones, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 3434).

SPLASH OUT ON A SWIMSUIT

Do you swim? Whether a long-distance swimmer or a dog-paddler, your swimsuit will be chosen with great care. Now is the time to buy – as holiday time nears. We chose five swimsuits for every type of holiday, from Southend to the Caribbean, all simply cut to flatter any swimmer, quick-drying and in a wide range of colours to make everyone look wonderful on the beach this summer.

Scanty turquoise Bri-nylon towelling bikini for the hot, hot days, £2 9s 11d at West End branches of Neatawear, 78 Regent Street, W1 (REG 5668); 328 Oxford Street, W1 (HYD 6477).

Exciting pink towelling swimsuit from Sweden with circular cut-outs slashed down either side, by Ajco, 3 guineas, at D H Evans. Green straw hat by Dolores, £4 19s 6d at Harrods, Dickins & Jones. D H Evans, Oxford Street, W1 (MAY 8800); Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (SLO 1234); Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W1 (REG 7070).



Cable stitch nylon swimsuit in olive-green and other colours, by Catalina, 12 guineas, at Debenham & Freebody, Fortnum & Mason. Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W1 (LAN 4444); Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 8040).

Refreshingly printed stretch swimsuit in lilac, emerald, pink, and yellow, with matching voile hooded beach-dress. Made in France, £38 17s the set, at Simpson, Piccadilly, SW1 (REG 2002).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER AKEHURST

MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO CARTOONIST VICKY

Togetherness is not one of Fleet Street's more noted characteristics, but at the moment three very different papers are joining in one project – a memorial concert for the cartoonist Vicky who died in February. The papers are the *Evening Standard*, the *New Statesman* and the *Daily Mail* representing the old *News Chronicle* for which Vicky first worked.

Victor Weisz (he was Hungarian) had a well-known aversion to the more conventional Fleet Street memorial service and at the same time was a familiar figure at the Royal Festival Hall, Covent Garden and at concerts all over London.

It was considered that music was a worthy way of honouring Vicky. Soon after his death, Humphrey Brooke, secretary of the Royal Academy, offered one of the main galleries in Burlington House – then showing the Bonnard exhibition – for a memorial concert. The Burlington House concert fell through because the General Election loomed.

The first applications for tickets for the memorial concert came from the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr Edward Heath. There will be a wide representation from Westminster and Fleet Street, including many of Vicky's subjects. Proceeds will go to his favourite charity: Oxfam. When MPs wrote for the originals of Vicky's cartoons, which they did frequently, he would never accept money but suggested a contribution to Oxfam.

The concert is being organised by Sidney Edwards, music critic and commentator of the *Evening Standard*. He has engaged the Allegri String Quartet which, with Gervase de Peyer, will play Mozart's clarinet quintet and, in the second half Schubert's quintet in C major – favourite piece of Vicky's.

Vicky Memorial Concert: Sunday, 10 July, Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

How to be a little fish

When London sizzles under a hot summer sun Londoners naturally want to make the most of it by swimming outdoors. But how to avoid the crowds? You could drive out to a country hotel with its own pool where you can swim in comparative luxury, sunbathe on grassy slopes, perhaps drink by the waterside and lunch in style in the restaurant. Some hotels within easy reach of London with good open-air swimming pools are:

HERTFORDSHIRE

The Water Splash, London Colney (Bowman Green 2129). Heated outdoor pool measuring 100 ft. x 30 ft. Sun-bathing lawns. Café at pool serves teas etc, with tables outside and jukebox. Hotel itself serves *à la carte* lunches on weekdays and *à la carte* and *table d'hôte* lunches (15s 6d) at weekends. Entrance to pool costs 3s 6d adults and 2s 6d children on weekdays, 5s and 3s 6d at weekends. Get there on Barnet by-pass and turn off at signposts to London Colney at Radlett roundabout. About 20 miles from West End.

Thatched Barn Hotel, Barnet by-pass (ELS 4121).
Excellent heated open-air pool for members only – membership for one adult and two children under 14 is 10 guineas; for two adults and two children 15 guineas, and a guinea for every additional child. Members can bring guests at 10s 6d a time. Pool is set in attractive grounds with lawns and cafeteria. Free swimming instruction for children. Large restaurant in hotel with 17s 6d set lunch on weekdays, 21s at weekends. Licensed bar overlooking pool.

Route A41 and then A1.

KENT

Great Danes Hotel, Hollingbourne, Maidstone (Hollingbourne 381).
Not really open-air, but on fine days the sliding doors are opened and you can go straight from your swim to sunbathe on terraces or surrounding lawns. Pool has underwater lighting at night. Complicated system of pool entrance fee plus tokens for refreshments: Children Mon-Thu 5s (2s 6d for swimming and 2s 6d voucher for refreshments), adults 15s (5s to swim and 10 worth of vouchers). Children Fri-Sun: 10s (5s to swim) and adults £1 (7s 6d to swim). Vouchers can be used toward lunch or dinner in the hotel dining-room or the grill-room close to the pool, or for drinks or snacks on the terrace overlooking the pool.

Leave London on Maidstone road then take the B2163 to Maidstone by-pass to Hollingbourne. 41 miles.

SURREY

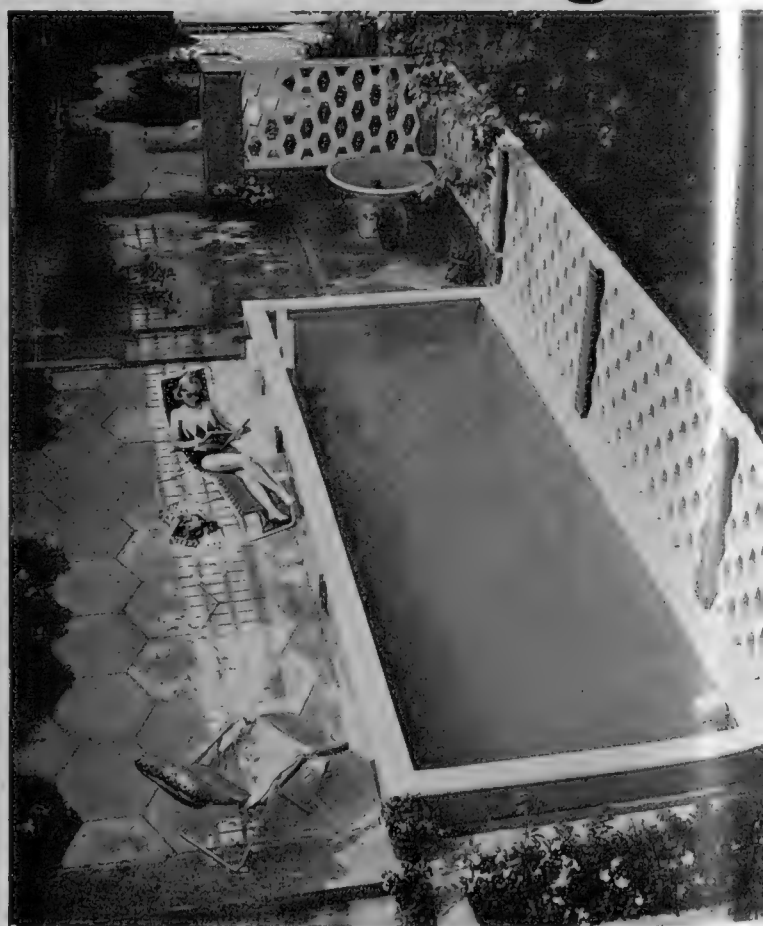
Upper Deck Swimming Pool, Hurst Road, East Molesey (MOL 3639).

How to be a big fish

It is about now that people begin to wish, warmly, that they had a swimming pool in the garden. Actually, they would have done better to start thinking about it last November – swimming pools, like central heating, should be ordered and installed at a time of year when it makes you shudder to think of them. However, the range and variety of swimming pools increases every year, and it is still possible with some types to have them ready for a plunge later this summer.

A pool can cost you anything from around £30 up to thousands; it can be the type which you put up yourself, take down in the winter, and take with you when you change houses. At the other end of the range are the pools custom-built and designed, complete with every extra, and fitting into the landscape of the garden as though they had always been there.

Purley Pools Ltd, PO Box 132, Godstone Road, Purley, Surrey (BYWood 1322/7). For two types of pool: (a) the concrete pool, custom-built to the customer's requirements, costs from £1,500 to £50,000; and (b) the Purley sectional pool, more economical in supply and installation, costs from £150 to £1,500. They also supply heating, filtering and cleaning equipment.



Purley Pool Sportsman No. 1 is 25 ft. x 9 ft. x 4 ft., and costs £197.

in a big pool

Open air – not heated. They turn people away rather than let it get impossibly crowded. Pleasant surroundings, overlooking river. Cafeterias by pool serving soft drinks and light refreshments. Entrance to pool 5s, children 2s 6d.

From London: A3 to Kingston Vale, A308 to Hampton Bridge, then B370. 14 miles.

Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead (Sanderstead 8811).
Hotel (15th century) and pool set in 200 acres of beautiful parkland. Pool is heated, open to public and costs 7s 6d in week and 10s on Sundays. Also a children's paddling pool. Good cooking in hotel restaurant where you can get lunches at 22s 6d weekdays, 25s Saturdays and 30s Sundays.

Three miles from Croydon.

Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge (Weybridge 47242).
Victorian hotel situated in beautiful parkland with open-air swimming pool for members only. You have to be recommended by a member to join, and fees are six guineas for first member of family, then four guineas each other member (two guineas for children under four). There's also a children's paddling pool and recreation ground, and other amenities include tennis courts (10s an hour), golf course, billiards, squash.

20 miles from London.

Burford Bridge Hotel, Dorking (Dorking 4561).
Heated outdoor swimming pool in grounds of hotel with pleasant surrounds for sunbathing. Also a paddling pool for toddlers. Unaccompanied children not allowed in. Entrance weekdays, 7s adults, 3s 6d children, all day; 4s and 2s half-day. Weekends, Wednesday afternoons and State school holidays: Mornings, 6s (children 3s), afternoons 8s (children 4s). Season tickets 3½ guineas adults, 2½ guineas children and 1½ guineas spectators. All day 12s 6d (children 6s). First-class lunches and teas served in hotel.

Leave London *via* Kingston by-pass. Hotel is on main road, at foot of Boxhill, 2½ miles London side of Dorking. 25 miles.

Great Fosters Hotel, Stroude Road, Egham (Egham 3822).
Tudor hunting lodge turned into modern hotel with outdoor pool (unheated) in lovely gardens. No bars or cafés round pool and swimmers positively discouraged from transforming place into picnic ground. Charges for pool still under negotiation. Last year charges for adults were 7s 6d weekends, 4s weekdays; children 5s and 3s. Good lunches served in hotel (set lunch 17s 6d weekdays, 20s weekends). 20 miles from London.

SUSSEX
The Old Felbridge Hotel, East Grinstead (East Grinstead 24424).
Large mock-Tudor roadhouse with 50 ft. x 50 ft. pool in pleasant gardens. Licensed Bahama Bar at pool. Hotel recommended for its food in *Good Food Guide* and by Egon Ronay (Lobster Pot Bar serving grills, lobsters etc.) and good restaurant serving *table d'hôte* lunches at 15s. Entrance fee to pool is 10s (no half-price for children); season ticket 5 guineas. Pool never allowed to get overcrowded.

On A22, 29 miles from London.

Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath (Haywards Heath 51565).
Edwardian country house with swimming pool in grounds. Open to members only – membership fee 10s, then you buy a book of 10 tickets for £3 (children £1 15s). No single tickets available.

On A272. 39 miles from London.

in a little pool

This standard 30 x 15 ft. Anchor pool costs £1,399 with filtration.

This Blue Line pool costs from £25 to £162 according to size.

Anchor Pools Ltd, Wych Street House, Woking, Surrey (Woking 62423). For custom-built pools of virtually any size or shape, constructed by an American process known as Gunite, in which dry cement is sprayed at pressure on to a steel frame. This is a speedy process – their record is two weeks, but an average installation is one month – and they are able to guarantee their pools for 10 years, a service they believe to be unique in this country. They quote the cost in installing a basic pool 30 ft. x 15 ft., with filtration, as £1,399.

Blue Line Pools, Evans Place, South Bersted, Bognor Regis, Sussex (Bognor Regis 5291). For above-ground pools costing from £25 (for a junior pool, 7 ft. 6 in. in diameter, 30 in. deep) to £162 (24 ft. 6 in. in diameter, 4 ft. deep, complete with steps). These prices are excluding accessories (a filtration unit – 600 gallons per hour model – costs £38). New this year is their rectangular pool, also above-ground; a 4 ft.-deep pool, 16 ft. x 12 ft. costs £210; the same depth but 48 ft. x 24 ft. costs £600. Above-ground pools have two basic advantages – small children can't fall into them, and they can be dismantled and stored away at the end of the summer. And, of course, you can take them with you when you move.

Capital Swimming Pools Ltd, 14 Church Street, Rickmansworth, Herts (Rickmansworth 75767). For a very wide range of swimming pools and equipment, including below-ground vinyl-lined pools, above-ground pools, concrete or steel-lined pools. Also supply inflatable pool covers, diving boards, chlorinators, heaters and filters. Their Fyna range of swimming pools are circular, above-ground pools. A sample cost of a pool 18 ft. in diameter, 4 ft. deep, and complete with ladder, cover, filter, top skimmer, vacuum floor cleaner and chlorine test kit would be £250.

Buckingham Swimming Pools, Priory Road Works, Priory Road, Kenilworth, Warwicks (Kenilworth 52351). For glass fibre, concrete and composite pools. Also supply accessories, such as filters, water heaters, steps, paved surrounds. A 26 ft. x 12 ft. x 6 ft. to 3 ft. glass-fibre pool, complete and installed, costs £1,596; the same size, but to be installed by the customer, costs £691 5s. They also supply Courlene covers at 32s 6d a square yard, underwater lights, and a complete range of cleaning equipment.

The witches scene from "Dido & Aeneas," Purcell's opera that opens this year's controversial season at Glyndebourne. The designer is Lorenzo Ghiglia: director, Franco Enriquez.

GLYNDEBOURNE—THE END OF COMPLACENCY

This weekend the Glyndebourne Festival Opera season begins again. Outward characteristics remain. At the London end, trailing skirts, furs and black ties at Victoria Station. At the Glynde end, cardboard-looking sheep on the hills beyond the ha-ha and horse chestnuts wondering whether to light their candles now or wait a week or so.

The inward characteristics will be different. This year's season marks a change in Glyndebourne's policy, the first really major deviation from the form that evolved from Mr John Christie's initial policy when he founded the festival in 1934.

John Christie died in 1962, and his son George took over directorship of the Festival. A young man – he is now only just over 30 – George Christie already had 10 years of experience of working with the Opera Festival when he inherited the large and touchy burden of directing Glyndebourne. His name first appeared on the programmes when he was an 18-year-old production assistant.

When the curtain fell on the final performance of last year's Festival, George Christie stepped forward to make the traditional curtain speech. As he outlined his plans for future seasons the audience became baffled. It seemed as though he was preparing radical changes just at the time when Glyndebourne was enjoying its peak of success. The major alterations would be to reduce the length of the season from three months to two and the number of operas presented from six or seven to four.

"This is not a retreat or a withdrawal," he said. "On the contrary, we are taking a very bold step at this time in discarding purely popular or commercial considerations for artistic ones."

Something of this kind had been implicit since George Christie inherited the directorship. In 1963 he told me: "There is a danger that Glyndebourne could stagnate and rest on its laurels. This must not happen. But we have no intention of making sudden changes. Development must be based on the established policy. To the general public, to the uninterested, the function of Glyndebourne has never been clear and its prevailing image has never clarified the situation.

This whole idea of travelling to deepest Sussex, in mid-afternoon and in evening dress just to see an opera, has always struck the Philistine chord that is strung within every Englishman. The earliest publicity never helped particularly. On the second night of the first season – it was *Cosi fan Tutte* – only seven people used the special train to Lewes and the whole audience numbered 54 (there are various versions of this figure, but 54 is the one John Christie was fond of perpetrating).

George Christie has always been particularly trenchant when faced with the charge of catering for snobs. He points out that since Glyndebourne receives no financial aid from the state, it has always relied on private subscription, particularly in the early days: "People aren't going to give us money in this way unless they enjoy opera and we have a responsibility to those who supported the venture from the beginning."

Glyndebourne began to reach its peak in the late '50s, having attracted most of the young post-war generation of singers, including many of today's top-notchers: Sena Jurinac, Juan Oncina, Geraint Evans, Joan Sutherland, Kim Borg, Josephine Veasey, Teresa Berganza among them.

It has never been easy for Glyndebourne to attract top-flight singers. The project is not financially rewarding enough for them now, nor is the prospect of spending up to three months buried in the English countryside that exticing. But it is a condition of appearing at Glyndebourne that this should be so. More time and care is spent on rehearsal than in any other opera house; singers are trained with exceptional detail and are able to study their roles in leisure and comfor

About six years ago, critics began to note a gradual falling of standard – bearing mind that Glyndebourne at its worst is better than most other places at their best and that critic's approach is consequently high. A feeling grew that the house was becoming too complacent.

But the audiences flock and Glyndebourne extend its season again. The things that shocked the early audiences worried them no more – opera sung in its original language, for example; the long dinner interval for another George Christie was clearly aware of this feeling.

His choice of repertory for this year's shortened season is indicative of how he plans to continue. He intends to add a programme of modern operas and pre-Mozart operas side by side, to revive one opera from a previous season each year. Consequently this summer will reveal Handel's *Jephtha* and Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole* doubled with Purcell's *Dido & Aeneas*, plus the virtually unknown Massenet opera *Werther* – which Michael Redgrave is directing. Next year we are promised a new production of *Don Giovanni* and also an unknown 17th-century opera.

In many ways George Christie is reverting to something close to his father's original intentions. The operas will still be ideally produced, well-sung and designed, but audiences will be closer to those of 1934 and 1935 – going to witness something new, different and challenging. Glyndebourne set world standards once; it may do just that again.

J. ROGER BAKER

Hands framing the shot he wants, Mike Sarne, pop singer turned actor turned writer, directs his first film "The Road to St Tropez." He hopes soon to announce a circuit release date.

MIKE SARNE HAS A FILM TO SELL

Mike Sarne was a pop singer. Mike Sarne was an actor. Mike Sarne put himself out of work for a year. Result: Mike Sarne is happy. The reason is simple. During that year he has been quietly working away in the South of France and London writing, producing and directing his first-ever film. Later in the week he hopes to announce a circuit release date. To him the making of a film has meant more, much more, than just the chance of money and the beginning of a new career: it has been the realisation of a three-year-old dream. But like all dreams it has a certain nebulous quality – it is a gamble.

With characteristic bluntness, Sarne says: "I had another 10 years in me as a pop singer, and I could reckon on £10,000 a year touring around here, in South Africa and Australia." Now with the film completed, but as yet unsold, he has turned his back on a steady £10,000 and put himself very heavily in debt. He already feels committed to a life in films and says: "I intend to stay in films, even if I starve to death at it."

The film business is a network which prefers to deal in known quantities. Mike Sarne, as either director, producer or writer, is very much an unknown quantity. Consequently he has a lot riding on his one 30-minute colour film, entitled *The Road to St Tropez.* It stars Melissa Stribling, an unknown German actor called Udo Kier and Miss Gabriella Licudi, Mike Sarne's girl friend this past year or so. The film is succinctly described as an "anti-travelogue," the last word on all those epics which end with the immortal words: " . . . as the sun sinks slowly in the West." It has absolutely nothing to do with other *Road* pictures trod so often by Messrs Hope, Crosby and Lamour. Before he left for location filming with his crew of seven, Sarne was shrewd enough to spend two weeks talking to the big film companies and distributors, finding out exactly what they liked to see in the way of a finished product. He therefore left for St Tropez with a good idea of what sells and what doesn't.

Having hired his camera equipment, he staggered on to a jet at London Airport clutching the entire wardrobe for his film. Once the shooting started he found himself in his element. "I'm very fussy, very particular about what's gone into this film. Time and time again technicians would say to me, "You can't do that, you can't cut there, this shot is impossible." My reply was, "Let's try it anyway." Once immersed in the business of film-making, Mike Sarne found himself victim of fantastic bouts of depression and elation. Both the ups and the downs he regarded as sure signs he was at last involved in something he really cared about.

About the writing of the film, Sarne admits it caused him no great headaches. "Writing is a habit with me," he says. "I'm terribly glib as a writer. The attractive thing about writing is you don't depend on anyone else; you know, if you've got the stamina, that eventually you're going to win. There is always something terribly fraught about standing in front of a pop audience; it's this business of having to produce instantly."

Now the film has been shot, and the months of painstaking editing over, Mike Sarne must now change from the embryo film-maker to the still embryonic film-salesman. But it is not quite a case of going cap in hand to the smooth-suited gents in Wardour Street. He knows the product he has to sell, and he knows it's good. All that remains is to convince others. Naturally there is now a certain urgency – not to see his film on general release, but to start work on his next two feature films.

Having said he has no ambition to be an ageing pop singer or a middle-aged character actor, he has left himself with only one alternative – to become a young film-maker.

JOHN VINER

THURSDAY 26 MAY

Films: World première *The Wrong Box,* Leicester Square Theatre
The Trouble with Angels, New Victoria
Boeing-Boeing, Plaza Piccadilly Circus
Horse Show: Royal Windsor Horse Show, Home Park, Windsor, Berks (till 28th)
Theatre: *Come Spy with Me,* Whitehall Theatre. 7.30 pm
Play: *The Wen Orange Soufflé* and *Out from Under,* Jeanette Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1. 7.0 pm

FRIDAY 27 MAY

Racing: The Oaks
Opening: The Duke of Edinburgh will open the new Coade Hall at Bryanston School, Blandford, Dorset
Ballet: *The Dream* and *Song of the Earth* at Covent Garden. 7.30 pm
Race: Royal Ocean Racing Club Race, Harwich to the Hook of Holland
Dinner: The Duke of Edinburgh will attend the dinner of the Queen's Royal Regiment of Irish Hussars at Quaglino's

SATURDAY 28 MAY

Jazz: From Chicago to Kansas City, Royal Festival Hall. 6.15 pm
Concert: The Erroll Garner Trio, Royal Festival Hall. 9.0 pm
Ballet: *Ballet Imperial, Card Game* and *The Dream,* Covent Garden. 2.15 pm
Opera: *Turandot* (in Italian), Covent Garden. 7.30 pm (last performance)
Trials: Sheep dog trials, Hyde Park, London (and 30th)

SUNDAY 29 MAY

Opera: Glyndebourne opens (till July 31st)
Recital: Vladimir Ashkenazy (piano), Royal Festival Hall. 3.0 pm

MONDAY 30 MAY

Racing: Whit Monday Motor-Cycle Races, Brands Hatch
Theatre: Bristol Old Vic Company celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Theatre Royal, Bristol
Regatta: Brighton Regatta
Rally: RSAC International Rally, Glasgow

TUESDAY 31 MAY

Theatre: Chichester Festival (till 10 Sept)
Opera: Massenet's *Werther,* Glyndebourne. (First performance)

WEDNESDAY 1 JUNE

Ball: Pied Piper Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of NSPCC
Crusade: Billy Graham, London Crusade, Earls Court
Music: Ravi Shankar (sitar) with Alla Rakha (tabla), Indian music, Royal Festival Hall, 8.0 pm

THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. 2 Man & Superman. 3 The Killing of Sister George. 4 Song at Twilight. 5 The Anniversary.

Clearly the writings of Miss Muriel Spark are not required reading for drama critics. Most commentators confessed to not having read *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* as a novel, and then found the play wanting. I have read the book, and I, too, found the play wanting, which just goes to prove that Miss Spark does not translate to the stage.

Of all the writing crafts, that of the dramatist must be the most precise; the author must be convinced that he is treating his particular subject in the only possible way. This is why novels rarely make good plays: the essential contractions, elisions, omissions ruin a complex and balanced edifice. *A Severed Head* wasn't a particularly good play, but it worked as theatre largely through Iris Murdoch's feeling for a pattern within life.

The pattern of *Miss Brodie* is one that must defeat all but the novelist or the film-maker – for Miss Spark works in time. Her characters are seen as children and old-age pensioners, adults and adolescents in the same flash of the eye. For her the child is not only the father of the man, but shown to be.

Michael White is to present "The Blood Knot," SA colour-bar play, at Hampstead.

Her novels crackle with brilliant, pointed dialogue. This may have inspired the original decision to put *Miss Brodie* on the stage. But deprived of their setting – a subtle cross-weave of internal reference, allusion to future and past – the most potent passages seem strangely stilted on the stage. And whereas the novel managed to create a whole world of people, full of tension, human frailty and strength, the play emerges as a story about a fifth-form Lolita who becomes an intellectual nun.

Over-simplification, that's the trouble. But it is also ignoring Vanessa Redgrave in the title role. In flat shoes and wearing those oddly de-sexing clothes of the '30s, she exudes pride, passion, obstinacy, self-conviction and a powerful sexuality in a virtuoso performance that just fails at the climax when Miss Brodie has to either come face to face with herself, or go on her way unmoved by events. There is also a neat performance from Vickery Turner as the Lolita figure, and Dorothy Reynolds being distraught (and not quite unpleasant enough) as a bewildered headmistress. It is Vanessa's evening though – I am looking forward to re-reading the novel with her as my mental image of Miss Brodie.

j roger baker

WEST END

openings

Th 26 May: **COME SPY WITH ME**, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Music and Lyrics: Brian Blackburn. Dir: Ned Sherrin. Stars: Danny La Rue, Barbara Windsor, Gary Miller, Richard Wattis. 7.30. Cont: 8.30. Fri & Sat: 5.45, 8.45

Th 26 May: **THE WEN, ORANGE SOUFFLE & OUT FROM UNDER**, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7048). Three One-Act Plays. Author: Saul Bellow. Dir: Charles Marovitz. Cast: Miriam Karlin 7.0. Cont: 7.45

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Elvi Hale. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author Bill Macllwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Evil mother and terrified family. Comedy. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45); 8.30 (ends 10.45). W: 3.0. Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athlene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Robin Hunter, Polly James. Young-married troubles. Broadway-style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Peter Honri, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historial interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street. SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arrol, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minter. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10); W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING**, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir:Vivian Matalon. Contrasting double bill. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. T, F & Sat: 8.0 (ends 10.30); Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 25 Apr 1966

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Diplomatic carryings-on in Rome. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson. 8.0 (ends 10.10). Th mat 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.30 (ends 10.40). Opened 27 Apr 1966

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Fanny Brice revealed. Cast: Barbra Streisland, Michael Craig. (Sat: 8.0 Lisa Shane) (ends 10.30). Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion. Cast: Dora Bryan, Bernard Spear. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

HOW'S THE WORLD TREATING YOU? Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Arthur: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Most "in" comedy of the season. Cast: Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 9.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966. Ends 28 May

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. Fin de siècle morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Nelson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

LONDON LAUGHS, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Choreographer: Douglas Squires. Dir: Robert Nesbit. Cast: Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarbuck. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0); Sat Mat: 2.40 (ends 5.30). Opened 6 May 1966

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, June Thorburn, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Terence Rigby. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 (ends 10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 1 Mar 1966

THE MISER & THE IMAGINARY INVALID, Mermaid Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Molière. Dir: Julius Gellner. French classics abbreviated and Anglicised. Cast: The Mis[er]. Duncan Macrae. The Imagina[ry] Invalid, Bernard Miles. 6.0 (en[ds] 8.20); 8.40 (ends 11.0) (not Mon). Opened 20 Apr 1966. Ends 28 Ma[y]

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassador's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D. Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.1[0]. Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (en[ds] 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter C[o]. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicole[tte] Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical li[fe]. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.0 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 196[6]

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 40[1]. Author: Ronald Millar. Music [by] Ron Grainger. Dir: Wendy To[m]. GCE gets groovy. Cast: Bar[bara] Ingham, Angela Richards, Ga[ry] Bond. 7.45 (ends 10.20). Wed a[t] Sat Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.20). Oper[s] T 19 Apr 1966

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CA[T], Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W[1] (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manh[o]f. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty [girl] versus intellectual man. C[ast]: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. [8.]15 (ends 10.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.[15]; 8.45 (ends 11.0). Wed: 3.0 (en[ds] 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

THE PRIME OF MISS JE[AN] BRODIE, Wyndham's Thea[tre], Charing Cross Road (TEM 30[60]. Adapted from the novel by Mu[riel] Spark by Joy Presson Allen. [Dir:] Peter Wood. Schoolmistress of [de]cided idiosyncracy. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Crawford, Wi[l]liam Squire, Dorothy Reynolds. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 3.0 (e[nds] 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May 196[6]

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the songs and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Skeletons rattle in elderly author's cupboard. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M, W & Th: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 14 Apr 1966

The stage of the Lyric Theatre becomes the stage of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, for this scene from "Robert and Elizabeth."

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 26 May-W 1 June: THEIR VERY OWN AND GOLDEN CITY. Author: Arnold Wesker. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Ann Fairbank, George Fowe, Bernard Gallagher, Victor Henry, Ian McKellen, Gillian Martell, Sebastian Shaw, John Shepherd, William Stewart, Kate Williams. 7.30. Sat Mat: 3.0

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 26 May: LOVE FOR LOVE. Author: William Congreve. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Colin Blakely, Tom Kempinski, Robert Lang, Geraldine McEwan, Miles Malleson, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Lynn Redgrave, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.0), 7.30 (ends 10.15)

F 27 May: TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS. Author: Arthur W. Pinero. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Barbara Hicks, Derek Jacobi, Gerald James, Edward Petherbridge, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

Sat 28 May: OTHELLO. Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid, Maggie Smith, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.25)

Sat 28 May: JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK. Author: Sean O'Casey. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakely, Peter Cellier, Frank Finlay, Mike Gambon, Caroline John, Ronald Pickup, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, The Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). TANGO. Author: Mrozek. Translated by: Nicholas Bethell, Tom Stoppard. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Patience Collier, Robert Eddison, Pauline Jameson, Peter Jeffery, Ursula Mohan, Mike Pratt, Dudley Sutton. 8.0. Sat: 2.30, 8.0

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). HAPPY FAMILY with Anthony Bate, Wendy Craig, Ronald Lewis, Moira Redmond. Th 26 & F 27 May: 8.0. Sat 28 May: 5.0, 8.15

MOUNTVIEW THEATRE CLUB, 104 Crouch Hill, Hornsey, N8 (MOU 5885). MARY, MARY. M 30 May-W 1 June: 8.0

NEW ARTS THEATRE CLUB, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square, WC2 (TEM 3334). THE THREE MUSKETEERS with Bruce Lacey, The Alberts, Claire Gordon, Jill Bruce. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30

UNICORN THEATRE CLUB, New Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2 (EMP 6116). THE DOWNSIDEUP MAN. A play for children 5 to 12 years. Sat 28 May: 2.15

PERIMETER

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). GIGI. Th 26-Sat 28 May: 8.0. Th & Sat Mat: 2.30. THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP with Donald Sinden, Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee. M 30 May-W 1 June: 8.0

NEW THEATRE, High Street, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). EARLY ONE MORNING with Jill Browne, Trevor Bannister. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.15, 8.0

PALACE THEATRE, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (WA 25671). DIAL M FOR MURDER. 7.45. Sat Mat: 4.45

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Hornchurch, Essex (HX4 3333). INTERNATIONAL YOUTH DRAMA FESTIVAL. Th 26 May: 3.0, 8.0. F 27 May: 8.0. Sat 28 May: 5.0, 8.15. LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS. M 30 May-W 1 June: 8.0

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). THE SPIES with Bernard Bresslaw, Peter Wyngarde. Th 26, F 27 May: 7.45. Sat 28 May: 5.30, 8.15. SOMETHING TO HIDE. M 30 May-W 1 June: 7.45

TOWER THEATRE, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. Th 26-Sat 28 May: 7.30. A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. W 1 June: 7.30

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor, Berks (WK 61107). THE CONSTANT WIFE with Gwen Watford, Richard Bebb. Th 26 May: 2.30, 7.30. F 27 May: 8.0. Sat 28 May: 4.45, 8.0. CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS with Wendy Williams, Laurence Hardy. M 30 May, W 1 June: 7.30. T 31 May: 8.0

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). FLAT SPIN with Dave King. From F 27 May: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

OUT OF TOWN

FESTIVAL THEATRE, Chichester, Sussex (OCH3 86333). T 31 May & W 1 June: THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Authors: George Colman and David Garrick. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Alastair Sim, Bill Fraser, Margaret Rutherford, Ann Beach, Sarah Badel, John Standing. 7.0 (train: 4.18 pm from Victoria arrives in time for evening performance)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwks (OST9 2271). Th 26, Sat 28, T 31 May & W 1 June: HAMLET. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs. 7.30

Th 26, F 27, M 30 May: HENRY IV, PART I. Dir: John Barton with Peter Hall, Clifford Williams, Trevor Nunn. Cast: Tony Church, Ian Holm, Paul Rogers. Th-M: 2.0. F: 7.30

Sat 28 & M 30 May: HENRY IV, PART II. Dir: John Barton with Clifford Williams, Trevor Nunn, Peter Hall. Cast: Tony Church, Ian Holm, Paul Rogers. Sat: 2.0. M: 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (OGU3 60191). BANG, BANG BEIRUT. Authors: Ray Cooney, Tony Hilton. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Dickie Henderson, Leo Franklyn, Rex Garner. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 3.0, 8.0

FIRST FIVE: 1 Pierrot le Fou. 2 Fists in the Pocket. 3 Modesty Blaise. 4 Viva Maria ! 5 Morgan.

Something moved under the ground in Samoa. Doubtless the ghost of Robert Louis Stevenson shrinking away from the script that Larry Gelbart and Burt Shevelove have written for *The Wrong Box* (U) which admits a nodding acquaintanceship with something by Stevenson.

Bryan Forbes' film opens with the setting up of a tontine, a lottery into which the parents of 20 fidgety children will put £1,000, the invested total to be collected by the last surviving member. The children, the majority of whom meet untimely ends in a very funny prologue (including an investiture by Queen Victoria that accidentally turns into a beheading), grow into selfless old men whose only interest in the fortune is to pass it on to their dependants. But it is the younger generation who trigger off a fashionable black comedy.

John Mills is already at death's door, according to the erratic diagnoses of his star-struck medical student nephew (Michael Caine), but he has the strength to scheme murderous ploys to remove his brother (Ralph Richardson) who has been painstakingly kept alive by two villainous orphans (Peter Cook and Dudley Moore) for their own personal gain.

German actress Eva Renzi has replaced Anjanette Comer in "Funeral in Berlin."

The script has a generous ration of hilarious *non sequiturs* and winningly absurd situations including a corpse delivered to the wrong house in error and Peter Sellers' lively appearance as a ruined doctor who sells signed death certificates and practises a little unorthodox surgery. Nanette Newman is enchanting as the angelic niece, delightfully attractive in her Victorian finery, but it is Wilfrid Lawson as the decaying butler who steals every scene.

● Ida Lupino directs *The Trouble With Angels* (U) to a proven formula of saccharine sentimentality with Hayley Mills and June Harding as two tearaway students at a convent school who make life a holy misery for the Mother Superior (Rosalind Russell in fine fettle). The practical jokes they devise are spasmodically funny but the final corkscrewing into easy sentiment and Hayley's incredible *volte face* in preparing for her Novitiate is out of keeping with the film's cheerful tenor. June Harding starts a career of immense promise in an ostensibly thankless role.

david castell

THE TROUBLE WITH ANGELS

June Harding makes her first appearance in Ida Lupino's "The Trouble With Angels" in which she shares with Hayley Mills the role of dual tormentor of the harassed Mother Superior (Rosalind Russell) who attempts to run a convent school in the face of their moral sabotage. Jim Hutton and Gypsy Rose Lee make guest appearances as a progressive teacher and a mime and movement artist. The film opens at the New Victoria on 26 May.

OPENING

BOEING-BOEING (A). Slow-moving adaptation of Marc Camoletti's indestructible stage farce with Tony Curtis and Thelma Ritter all but saving the day as the latter-day Casanova and his housekeeper - confidante. (Jerry Lewis. Dir: John Rich. Col. 102 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. Opens 26 May

THE TROUBLE WITH ANGELS (U). Amiably sentimental comedy about two schoolgirls' reign of terror at a convent school. One remains unrepentant; the other stays to prepare for her novitiate. Rosalind Russell glowers magnificently as the stern Mother Superior. (Hayley Mills, June Harding, Jim Hutton, Gypsy Rose Lee. Dir: Ida Lupino. Col. 110 min.) *New Victoria.* VIC 2544. Opens 26 May

THE WRONG BOX (U). Star-studded black comedy about the murderous efforts of two orphans (Peter Cook and Dudley Moore) to ensure that their uncle (Ralph Richardson) is the last surviving member in a mammoth lottery. (John Mills, Michael Caine, Nanette Newman, Tony Hancock, Peter Sellers. Col. 110 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. Opens 26 May

WEST END

ALPHAVILLE (A). Jean-Luc Godard's transformation of images from a comic strip into a stylistic masterpiece with dazzling photography by Coutard. Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), disguised as a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda,* is sent on a mission to Alphaville – city of technocrats. (Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff. 98 min.) With: *The New Angels* (X). *Paris Pullman, Drayton Gardens.* FRE 5898. 2.20, 5.40, 9.20. Sun: 5.40, 9.20

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton Street,* W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BING CROSBY IN CINERAMA'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURE (U). Bing Crosby plays host on a trip round Russia with musical interludes. (Col. Cinerama). *Coliseum St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.0, 5.15, 8.30 (Sat only: 11.45 pm). Sun: 4.0, 7.30

A BLONDE IN LOVE (X). From the point of view of an inarticulate young girl, the Czech director, Milos Forman, with his characteristic gentle humour, examines the adolescent's search for identity in the adult world. His highly personal approach to film-making, using amateur actors, gives the film a delightful freshness. (Czech dialogue – sub-titles. 80 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. With: *Joseph Kilian* (U). Pgm: 1.35, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.25

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min. Royal Film of 1966). *Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. 12.25, 2.29, 4.38, 6.47, 9.1. Sat: 11.29 pm. Sun: 3.59, 6.8, 8.27

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. Julie Christie is lamentably miscast as the young model who ends up marrying the Italian Prince. Dirk Bogarde gives a splendid performance as the television reporter with whom she has an affair. (Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. (Check with cinema)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The extremely ambitious, long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 7.30

FANTASIA (U). Another revival of Walt Disney's ever-popular cartoon experiment, made in 1941, and consisting of a visual interpretation of various well-known pieces of music, ranging from a Bach Fugue to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring.* Parts of the film show Disney at his most inventive, and the hippopotami in *The Dance of the Hours* steal the show. (Leopold Stokowski & the Philadelphia Orchestra. Dir: Walt Disney. Col. 126 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street,* GER 3300. 1.0, 3.40, 6.20, 9.0. Sun: 3.20, 6.5, 8.45

FISTS IN THE POCKET (X). The first film of an extraordinary new talent, Marco Bellocchio. It examines the assertive strivings of a young adolescent, Sandro (Lou Castel), for manhood and independence. The mounting, un- of his decaying bourgeois family, doomed to epilepsy. (Paola Pitagora. 115 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. With: *Wholly Communion* (A). Pgm: 12.30, 3.5, 5.45, 8.30. Sun: 5.15, 8.0

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagant slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villian and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. Blake Edwards's feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Road.* GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

IT HAPPENED HERE (A). A semi-documentary, visualising the Nazi occupation of Britain, seen through the eyes of a young woman (Pauline Murray), who finds herself working for the Nazi authorities as a nurse. The two young independent directors, Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo, have succeeded in achieving a thoroughly authentic reconstruction of the period. (Sebastian Shaw. 95 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. 12.20, 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. Sun: 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. With: *Night Beyond Pity* (A). 11.30, 2.15, 5.5, 8.0. Sun: 2.15, 5.5, 8.0 (Check with cinema)

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Odeon Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 12.55, 3.30, 6.10, 8.45. Sun: 3.20, 5.35, 8.15

MONSIEUR HULOT'S HOLIDAY (U). Jacques Tati's now classic comedy about the misadventures of a gauche French bachelor on holiday. The comedy of mime and manners puts Tati in the forefront of contemporary film comedians. (Nathali Pascaud. Dir: Jacques Tati. France. 1951/52. 90 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre, Leicester Place,* W1. GER 8181. 12.55, 3.40, 6.30, 9.30 (Sat only: 12.15 am). Sun: 3.30, 6.20, 9.10. Ends 7 June

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. Directed by Karel Reisz, with a whole host of cinematic stunts, from the story and television play by David Mercer, with Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl and Bernard Bresslaw. (97 min.) *Berkeley Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150. *Kensington Odeon.* WES 0131

MY FAIR LADY (U). Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little *too* safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Dir: George Cukor. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Square,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

OTHELLO (U). Faithful and technically accomplished record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. It is the magnificence of the performances that finally quells the doubts about the theatrical claustrophobia of the film. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay and other members of the National Theatre of Great Britain. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickry, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery as secret agent Flint. (Lee J Cobb. Col. 108 min.) *Rialto Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.20, 3.50, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.40, 6.15, 8.50. Ends 1 June

A PATCH OF BLUE (A). Under the entirely mistaken impression that something significant is being said about race relations, the film is a maudlin account of romance between a poor, ignorant, blind girl (Elizabeth Hartman) and a young Negro, played inevitably by Sidney Poitier. Shelley Winters plays the girl's sleazy mother in high style, and Guy Green directs. (105 min.) *Ritz Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 1.30, 4.0, 6.30, 9.0 (Sat only 11.35 pm). Sun: 3.35, 6.5, 8.35. (Check with cinema)

PIERROT LE FOU (X). Jean-Luc Godard's first excursion into colour. Pierrot (Jean-Paul Belmondo) runs away from his wife, and meets his former love, Marianne (Anna Karina). The lyricism of their love affair on the Riviera is juxtaposed with the violence and betrayal of the world around them. (Col. 100 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. Pgm 12.45, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10. Sun: 3.35, 5.55, 8.20. (Check with cinema)

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Court Road,* W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

STAGECOACH (A). Affectionate re-make of the classic Western with Alex Cord and Ann-Margret in the roles played by John Wayne and Claire Trevor. Action-filled, pleasantly sentimental and with a scene-stealing performance from Bing Crosby. (Van Heflin, Michael Connors. Dir: Gordon Douglas. Col. 114 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.25, 3.50, 6.15, 8.45 (Sat only: 11.15 pm). Sun: 3.50, 6.15, 8.45

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

VIVA MARIA (A). Louis Malle, the director, has seized the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story about two song-and-dance girls who become embroiled in a revolution. (George Hamilton, Col. 120 min.) *Curzon Cinema, Curzon Street,* W1. GRO 3737. 1.45, 4.5, 6.25, 8.50 (Sat only: 11 pm). Sun: 3.45, 6.10, 8.30

THE WAR GAME (X). Peter Watkin's hotly debated film about the effects of nuclear warfare on the population of London proves gripping, intelligent, though not without the occasional moment of bathos. (50 min.) *Gala Royal Marble Arch,* AMB 2345 *and La Continentale Tottenham Court Road,* MUS 4193. 1.0, 1.50, 4.0, 6.15, 8.25. Sun: 4.0, 6.15, 8.25, and full supporting programme.

WOMAN IN WHITE (X). Well-meaning hospital histrionics in which a dedicated gynaecologist sympathetically played by Marie-Jose Nat fights to save the life of a young girl dying from the aftermath of an abortion. The final irony occurs when she finds that she herself is pregnant. Direction by Claude Autant-Lara is deft and superficial. (110 min.) With: *Island of Shame* (X). *Cameo-Royal,* Charing Cross Road. WHI 6915. 10.15, 1.40, 5.15, 8.50. Sun: 4.40, 8.35. (Check with cinema.)

GENERAL RELEASE

*† second feature varies: * Sunday programme differs*

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: A MAN COULD GET KILLED (U). Full supporting programme.

Dirk Bogarde is the arch-villain Gabriel to Monica Vitti's strip cartoon heroine in "Modesty Blaise."

Cinemas marked ● *Until Sat:* MOMENT TO MOMENT (A). Full supporting programme.

From Sun: MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch - villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min). With: **Round the Bend** (U).

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
●**Chelsea** Odeon
Dalston Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
●**Edgware Road** Odeon
Edmonton Regal
†●**Forest Gate** Odeon
†**Hackney** Pavilion
Hammersmith Odeon
Harlesden Odeon
●**Highgate** Odeon
Holloway Odeon
Islington Odeon
†**Kensal Rise** Odeon
●**Kilburn** State
Kingsbury Odeon
*__King's Cross__ Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Mile End Road Odeon
●**Muswell Hill** Odeon
●**Park Royal** Odeon
Poplar Essoldo (*Until* Sat: Different horror programme each day).
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
●**Southgate** Odeon
●**Stamford Hill** Odeon
●**Swiss Cottage** Odeon (Not Tues 31 May).
●**Temple Fortune** Odeon
●**Walham Green** ABC
Wembley Odeon
Westbourne Grove Odeon

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: STAGECOACH (A). Full supporting programme.

Curiouser and curiouser for James Garner as the baffled innocent in "A Man Could Get Killed."

From Sun: A MAN COULD GET KILLED (U). James Garner arrives in Lisbon to find himself mistaken for a secret agent. With his usual engaging bewilderment, he is drawn into a web of intrigue, moving from one crazy situation to another, and one moment attempting to prove his innocence, the next, aided and abetted by the wiles of Melina Mercouri into smuggling. Directed by Cliff Owen. (Col. 97 min) With: **Gunpoint** (U).

From Sun: Cinemas marked ● MOMENT TO MOMENT (A). The South of France, music by Mancini and clothes by Yves St Laurent, together with a rather incredible mixture of amnesia with adultery. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, fails to inject any suspense into the proceedings, but succeeds with the soap-opera. Jean Seberg is extremely weak as the wife, but Honor Blackman gives a fine performance. (Sean Garrison. Col. 108 min). With: **The Ghost and Mr Chicken** (U).

Balham Odeon
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon
Camberwell Odeon
Croydon Odeon
*__Deptford__ Odeon
●**East Dulwich** Odeon
Lewisham Odeon
Morden Odeon
Old Kent Road Astoria
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon
Richmond Odeon
●**South Norwood** Odeon
Streatham Odeon
Well Hall Odeon
●**Wimbledon** Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: OUR MAN IN MARRAKESH (U). Full supporting programme.

Elizabeth Hartman makes her screen debut in Guy Green's sentimental "A Patch of Blue."

From Sun: A PATCH OF BLUE (A). Under the entirely mistaken impression that something significant is being said about race relations, the film is a maudlin account of romance between a poor, ignorant, blind girl (Elizabeth Hartman) and a young negro, played, inevitably, by Sidney Poitier. Painstaking sincerity goes for nothing in a film so out of touch with reality, but the conviction of the performances go a long way towards redeeming it. Shelley Winters plays the girl's sleazy mother in high style and Guy Green directs. (105 min). With: **Made in Paris** (A).

Bowes Park Ritz
Camden Town Plaza
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Essex Road ABC
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith ABC
†**Hampstead Classic** (Until Sat: It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (U).
Harringay ABC
Holloway ABC
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Kilburn Essoldo
*__King's Cross__ Century
Leyton ABC
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
Neasden Ritz
Stratford Rex
Stoke Newington ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Wembley ABC
Whalebone Lane Odeon

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A).

A rare comedy role for Senta Berger as the shapely heroine of "Our Man in Marrakesh."

From Sun: OUR MAN IN MARRAKESH (U). An assorted group of travellers run into danger and suspense with Tony Randall and Senta Berger leading to fun. Terry-Thomas guest stars as a sheikh with an impeccable Oxford accent. The first English-language film to be made entirely on location in Morocco. A feeble attempt to ape the light-fingered lunacy of *Masquerade*, shot in colour that proves an eyestrain. Flashes of Tony Randall's talent show through, but it's disappointingly unoriginal from a director like Don Sharp, who usually makes the best out of the most tedious material. Klaus Kinski's vicious number two villain stands out in the supporting cast. (Herbert Lom, Wilfrid Hyde White, Gregoire Aslan. Dir: Don Sharp.) With: **Invasion** (U).

Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
Clapham Junction Imperial (Until Sat: Stagecoach (A).
Croydon ABC
Crystal Palace Granada
Elephant and Castle Theatre
Forest Hill Capitol
Old Kent Road ABC
Peckham Odeon (Until Sat: Stagecoach (A) and full supporting programme).
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

A guide to local cinemas showing off-circuit programmes. The numbers cross-refer to films listed in the sections below. Readers should not be disturbed by a jump in the sequence of numbers. This only indicates a late programme change

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

Acton Granada. 65, 79.
Baker Street Classic. 35, 62, 64.
Balham Ritz. 32, 60.
Bayswater ABC. 40.
Brentwood Odeon. 33, 74.
Brixton Classic. 15, 72.
Brixton Granada. 77, 89.
***Camberwell Grand.** 1, 70.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 51.
Chelsea Classic. 29, 37.
Chelsea Essoldo. 22, 39.
Clapton Kenninghall. 53.
Croydon Classic. 9, 50.
Dalston Classic. 5, 50.
Ealing Walpole. 31, 82.
***East Ham Granada.** 73, 82.
Edgware Road ABC. 75, 76.
Edmonton Granada. 73, 89.
Finchley Rex. 58, 63.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 82, 86.
Fulham Road ABC. 75, 76.
Golders Green Ionic. 41, 67.
Great Windmill Street Cam-o Moulin. 45.
***Hackney Essoldo.** 12, 57.
***Hammersmith Broadway.** 11, 34.
Hampstead Everyman. 46, 48.
***Harlesden Coliseum.** 31, 65.
Harringay Curzon. 36.
***Harrow Road Prince of Wal s.** 31, 87.
Haverstock Hill Odeon. 81.
Hendon Gala. 47, 78.
Hendon Gaumont. 28, 82.
Highams Park Regal. 42, 70.
***Islington Rex.** 15, 69.
Kilburn Classic. 9, 49.
***Kilburn Grange.** 25, 82.
Lewisham Rex. 27, 58.
Marble Arch Gala Royal. 66.
Marble Arch Jacey. 51.
Notting Hill Classic. 17, 30, 44.
Notting Hill Gaumont. 82.
***Notting Hil Imperial Playhou e.** 8, 10.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 43.
Palmers Green Queen's Hall. 82 4.
Piccadilly Circus Classic. 2, 26.
Piccadilly Jacey. 43.
Praed Street Classic. 20, 55, 71.
Putney Globe. 22, 24, 40.
Queensbury Essoldo. 58, 73.
Raynes Park Rialto. 23, 66.
***St Pancras Tolmer.** 14, 19.
Shepherd's Bush Essoldo. 59, 6
***Southfields Plaza.** 13, 21.
***Stepney Essoldo.** 6, 68, 72.
Stepney Odeon. 80.
Stockwell Classic. 5, 16.
Stoke Newington Colise m. 1, 56, 71.
Thornton Heath Granada. 79, 8.
Tooting Astoria. 23, 67.
Tooting Bec Classic. 3, 54.
Tottenham Palace. 81.
***Victoria Biograph.** 4, 15.
Victoria Cameo. 52, 61.
Wandsworth Road Granada. 22, 24, 85.
Waterloo Station Classic. 7, 1
Victoria Cameo. 52, 61.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 38, 88.

ADVENTURE

1 **Adventures of Scaramouche** (U). Gerard Barray, Gianna Maria Canale. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. From Sun: Stoke Newington Colliseum. With: Ride and Kill (U)

2 **Captain January** (U). Shirley Temple. From Sun: Piccadilly Circus Classic

3 **Darby O'Gill and the Little People** (U). Sean Connery, Janet Munro. From Sun: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Jungle Cat (U)

4 **Hercules Attacks** (A). Gordon Scott, Alessandra Panaro. From Mon: Victoria Biograph. With: Magnificent Three (U)

5 **In Search of the Castaways** (U). Hayley Mills, Maurice Chevalier. From Sun: Dalston Classic, Stockwell Classic. With: Five Weeks in a Balloon (U)

6 **Kings of the Sun** (U). Yul Brynner, George Chakiris, Shirley Anne Field. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo. With: McLintock (U)

7 **The Littlest Rebel** (U). Shirley Temple, John Boles, Karen Morley. From Sun: Waterloo Station Classic

8 **Lost Kingdom** (U). Haya Harareet, Jean-Louis Trintignant. From Mon: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Fat Girl (A)

9 **The Prince and the Pauper** (U). Guy Williams, Sean Scully, Donald Houston. From Sun: Croydon Classic. With: Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (U). Kilburn Classic. With: Just My Luck (U)

10 **Rape of the Sabine Women** (A). Lex Johnson, Joan Crespi. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Valley of Death (U)

11 **Seven Slaves Against Rome** (U). Roger Browne, Scilla Gabel. Until Sat: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Doomsday at Eleven (U)

12 **Sign of the Pagan** (U). Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Rita Gam. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo. With: Abbott and Costello Meet the Killer (A)

13 **Sword in the Stone** (U). Walt Disney Cartoon. From Mon: Southfields Plaza. With: Legend of Young Dick Turpin (U)

14 **Taza, Son of Cochise** (U). Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush. From Mon: St Pancras Tolmer. With: Carthage in Flames (U)

15 **Ulysses Against Hercules** (U). Michael Lane, George Marshal. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: Big Risk (A). From Sun: Brixton Classic. From Mon: Islington Rex. With: Monster From the Unknown World (U)

16 **War of the Trojans** (U). Steve Reeves. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: Hercules the Invincible (U)

COMEDIES

17 **Bedtime Story** (A). Marlon Brando, David Niven, Shirley Jones. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.15 pm

18 **Boys Will Be Boys** (A). Will Hay. Untill Sat: Waterloo Station Classic

19 **Bulldog Breed** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer. With: Conspiracy of Hearts (U)

20 **Carry On Cabby** (U). Sid James, Kenneth Connor, Charles Hawtrey. Frm Sun: Praed Street Classic. With: Girls, Girls, Girls (U)

21 **Carry On Cowboy** (A). Sid James, Jim Dale, Charles Hawtrey. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. With: Change Partners (A)

22 **Doctor At Sea** (U). Dirk Bogarde, Brenda de Banzie. From Sun: Chelsea Essoldo, Putney Globe, Wandsworth Road Granada (not M 30 May & W 1 June. Bingo). With: Follow a Star (U)

23 **Doctor in the House** (U). Dirk Bogarde, James Robertson Justice, Kenneth More. From Sun: Tooting Astoria, Raynes Park Rialto. With: Genevieve (U)

24 **Follow a Star** (U). Norman Wisdom. From Sun: Putney Globe, Wandsworth Road Granada (not M 30 May & W 1 June. Bingo). With: Doctor at Sea (U)

25 **The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Frankie Howerd, Dora Bryan. From Mon: Kilburn Grange. With: San Ferry Ann (U)

26 **The Importance of Being Earnest** (U). Michael Denison, Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Michael Redgrave, Dorothy Tutin. Until Sat: Piccadilly Circus Classic

27 **The Knack** (X). Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford. Until Sat: Lewisham Rex. With: Irma La Douce (X)

28 **Mr Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati. From Sun: Hendon Gaumont. With: The Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy (U)

29 **Room Service** (U). Marx Brothers. From Sun: Chelsea Classic. With: A Man on the Beach (U)

30 **A Shot in the Dark** (A). Peter Sellers, Elke Sommer. From Sun: Notting Hill Classic

31 **A Stitch In Time** (U). Norman Wisdom. From Sun: Ealing Walpole. From Mon: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: The Man from Button Willow (U). Harlesden Coliseum. With: Where the River Bends (U)

32 **Trouble in Store** (U). Norman Wisdom. From Sun: Balham Ritz. With: Man from Button Willow (U)

33 **The Ugly Dachshund** (U). Suzanne Pleshette, Dean Jones. From Sun: Brentwood Odeon. With: Full supporting programme

34 **Up in the World** (U). Norman Wisdom, Maureen Swanson. From Mon: Hammersmith Broadway. With: The Man from Button Willow (U)

DRAMA

35 **An Affair to Remember** (U). Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr. From Sun: Baker St Classic

36 **The Apartment** (A). Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon. With: A Kiss Before Dying (A)

37 **Billy Budd** (U). Robert Ryan, Terence Stamp, Peter Ustinov, Melvyn Douglas. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.30 pm

38 **Climates of Love** (X). Marina Vlady, Alexandra Stewart, Emmanuele Riva. Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: The Mistress (X)

39 **Darling** (X). Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo. With: Sardinia (U)

40 **Dear John** (X). Jarl Kulle, Christine Schollin. Until Sat: Bayswater ABC. With: full supporting programme. Putney Globe. With: Sex Can Be Difficult (X)

41 **Diary of a Chambermaid** (X). Jeanne Moreau Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic. With: Marriage-Go-Round (X)

42 **Fanny Hill** (X) Leticia Roman, Miriam Hopkins. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal. With: The First Texan (U)

43 **Galia** (X). Mireille Darc. Oxford Street Cinephone. With: Lifetime of Comedy (U). Piccadilly Jacey. With: full supporting programme

44 **The Lady with the Little Dog** (U). From Chekhov. Russian dialogue with English subtitles. Fri only: Notting Hill Classic. 11.15 pm

45 **The Naked World of Harrison Marks** (A). Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin

46 **Notti di Cabiria** (X). Giulietta Masina, Francois Perrier. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman

47 **The Procurer** (X). Tatsuo Umeniya, Mako Midori. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. With: Sweet Sound of Death (X)

48 **Ugetsu Monogatari** (X). Machiko Kyo. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

49 **Vice and Virtue** (X). Annie Girardot, Catherine Deneuve, Robert Hossein. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic. With: Girl in the Headlines (A)

50 **War and Peace** (U). Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer. Until Sat: Croydon Classic, Dalston Classic

51 **Who Wants to Sleep?** (X). Anita Ekberg. Charing X Road Jacey, Marble Arch Jacey

52 **The Young Lions** (A). Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

HORROR

53 **Dracula** (X). Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee. Until Sat: Clapton Kenninghall. With: Frankenstein (X)

MUSICALS

54 **Follow That Dream** (U). Elvis Presley, Anne Helm. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Yankee Pasha (U)

55 **Girls, Girls, Girls** (U). Elvis Presley. From Sun: Praed Street Classic. With: Carry On Cabby (U)

56 **Kid Galahad** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Magnificent Seven (U)

57 **Mary Poppins** (U). Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke. From Mon: Hackney Essoldo

58 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Jane Powell, Howard Keel. From Sun: Queensbury Essoldo, Lewisham Rex. With: King Soloman's Mines (U). Finchley Rex. With: Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy (U)

59 **Tom Thumb** (U). Russ Tamblyn, Peter Sellers. From Sun: Shepherd's Bush Essoldo. With: Wizard of Oz (U)

THRILLERS

60 **Espionage in Lisbon** (U). Brett Halsey, Francesca Rosano. Until Sat: Balham Ritz. With: Day of Vengeance (U)

61 **Hot Enough for June** (A). Dirk Bogarde, Sylva Koscina. From Sun: Victoria Cameo

62 **The Informers** (X). Nigel Patrick, Margaret Whiting. Fri only: Baker Street Classic: 11.15 pm

63 **The Ipcress File** (A). Michael Caine. Until Sat: Finchley Rex. With: League of Gentlemen (A)

64 **Marnie** (X). Sean Connery, Tippi Hedren, Diane Baker. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.15 pm

65 **Our Man in Marrakesh** (U). Tony Randall, Senta Berger. Until Sat: Shepherd's Bush Essoldo, Acton Granada. With: Invasion (U). Harlesden Coliseum. With: The Gun Hawk (U)

66 **The Silencers** (A). Dean Martin, Stella Stevens. Gala Royal, Marble Arch. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Broken Sabre (U)

67 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. From Sun: Golders Green Ionic. With: World of Wax (U) (Golders Green only)

WESTERNS

68 **Apache Drums** (U) Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray. From Mon: Stepney Essoldo. With: Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion (U)

69 **Duel at the Rio Bravo** (U). Guy Madison, Massimo Serato. Until Sat: Islington Rex. With: Blood of the Executioner (U)

70 **The First Texan** (U). Joel McCrea, Wallace Ford, Carl Benton Reid. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal. With: Fanny Hill (X). From Mon: Camberwell Grand. With: Vengeance in Timber Valley (U)

71 **The Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, Steve McQueen. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: Who Was Maddox? (U). Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Kid Galahad (U)

72 **McLintock** (U). Maureen O'Hara, John Wayne. Until Sat: Brixton Classic. With: The Wrestling Game (U). Stepney Essoldo. With: Kings of the Sun (U)

73 **Massacre at Fort Grant** (U). German Cobos, Marta May. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo. From Mon: East Ham Granada. With: Triumph of the Ten Gladiators (U)

74 **Stagecoach** (A). Ann-Margret, Bing Crosby, Michael Connors, Alex Cord. Until Sat: Brentwood Odeon. With: The Murder Game (A)

PRE-RELEASE

75 **Inside Daisy Clover** (X). Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer. From Sun: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Two on a Guillotone (X)

76 **A Patch of Blue** (A). Shelley Winters, Sidney Poitier. Until Sat: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Made in Paris (A)

STOP PRESS

77 **The Black Scorpion** (X). Until Fri: Brixton Granada. With: Macabre (X). Sat 28 May only: Wrestling

78 **The Householder** (U). Shashi Kapoor, Leela Naidu. From Sun: Hendon Gala. With: My Home is in Copucabana (U)

79 **It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (U). Spencer Tracy, Micky Rooney. Until Sat: Edmonton Granada (not F 27 May: Wrestling). From Sun: Acton Granada. From Mon: Thornton Heath Granada

80 **Just My Luck** (U). Norman Wisdom Until Sat: Stepney Odeon. With: The Stand at Apache River (U)

81 **A Man Could Get Killed** (U). James Garner, Melina Mericouri. Until Sat: Haverstock Hill Odeon, Tottenham Palace. With: The Holy Terror (U)

82 **Moment to Moment** (A). Jean Seberg, Honor Blackman, Sean Garrison. Until Sat: Ealing Walpole, Finsbury Park Astoria, Hendon Gaumont, Kilburn Grange, East Ham Granada, Palmers Green Queen's Hall. With: The Ghost and Mr Chicken (U). Notting Hill Gaumont. With: The Holy Terror (U)

83 **One Spy Too Many** (A). David McCallum, Robert Vaughn. Until Sat: Thornton Heath Granada. With: The Sheepman (U)

84 **On the Beach** (U). Norman Wisdom. From Sun: Palmers Green Queen's Hall. With: Man of the Moment (U)

85 **Peyton Place** (A). Lana Turner, Carol Lynley, Russ Tamblyn. Until Sat: Wandsworth Road Granada

86 **Shenandoah** (U). James Stewart, Doug McClure. From Sun: Finsbury Park Astoria. With: The Truth about Spring (U). Mon 30 May: Until 5 pm only. Closed Circuit TV in evening

87 **The Spy Who Went into Hell** (A). Ray Danton, Pascale Petit. Until Sat: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Gunpoint (U)

88 **Tabu** (X). From Sun: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: Rhapsody in Blood (X)

89 **That Darn Cat** (U). Hayley Mills. From Sun: Edmonton Granada. With: Geronimo's Revenge (U). From Mon: Brixton Granada. With: Three Caballeros (U)

CINEMA CLUBS

Academy Cinema Club, 167 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 8819)
Th 26 May: Ugetsu Monogatari. 6.0, 8.30
Fri 28 May onwards: Two Daughters. 6.0, 8.30. Sat & Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3232)
Th 26 May: Cesar. 6.15, 8.40
F 27 May: Wozzeck. 6.15, 8.30
Sat 28 & Sun 29 May: Cesar. 4.0, 6.20, 8.40
M 30 May: Miss Julie. 6.15, 8.30
T 31 May: Les Parents Terribles. 6.15, 8.30
W 1 June: Alibi. 6.15, 8.30

Starlight Cinema Club, May Fair, W1 (MAY 7777)
Th 26 May three days: Lady Windermere's Fan. 7.45, 10.45. On The Riviera. 9.15
Sun 30 May three days (not Mon): Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders. Sun: 8.30. T & W: 8.0, 10.30
M 30 May only: Hollywood Bound, The Elstree Story & excerpts. 7.0

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Beginners by Dan Jacobson. 2 Three by Ann Quin. 3 Obstacles by Reinhard Lettau. 4 The Pocket Venus by Henry Blyth. 5 Cat and Mouse by Gunter Grass.

Dan Jacobson's fifth and longest novel *The Beginners* is published this week (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 30s). His literary merits were widely acknowledged in 1964 when he was joint winner of the Somerset Maugham award. His more commercial merits have been recognised now that Penguins have bought his four earlier novels for publication – when Mary McCarthy published *The Group* her earlier novels were snapped up for paperback; it is a sign of "arrival."

The Beginners took five years to the month to write. It covers 60 years in the life of a Jewish family, the Glickmans. They move from Eastern Europe, to South Africa, to Israel, to England. It is a brilliant blend of the traditional kind of family chronicle and an exploration of specifically 20th-century feelings. It was not conceived as a family chronicle, nor as a Jewish novel. Jacobson says: "I had a family *mood* – a sense of what might happen to such a family given the modern world – that the family would become fragmented in all kinds of ways. The family is Jewish but many of the other characters aren't. If you like it is to examine what is continuous in our discontinuities and discontinuous in our continuities!"

In October Heinemann publish Volume I of Randolph Churchill's biography of his father.

On the side of continuity: "What seems to me continuous is human nature. Each generation, under enormously different circumstances, has to go through the same emotional processes of learning and being disappointed and growing old. Then emotional continuity, not of race so much as culture. And the heritage of finding out where one comes from, which is a colonial and an Irish characteristic as well as a Jewish one."

On the side of discontinuity he places the war, the collapse of religious belief, the sheer physical discontinuity of new countries and all technological advance. "My grandfather trekked to South Africa. My father's generation lived through the 1914-18 War. And here we are now with our sense of deprivation and deracination. One of the points I have tried to make is that the feeling of discontinuity in fact began a very long time ago. Each generation feels it is the child of the storm. But I do think the forces making for uprootedness today are more violent."

carole d'albiac

Dan Jacobson (left), author of "The Beginners," and Ann Quin, author of "Three." Both books are out this week. Mr Jacobson's four previous novels are to be issued as paperbacks.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

THREE by Ann Quin. Her second novel – her first brought an award and a scholarship which has taken her to the USA for two years. The enigmatic relationship between a married couple and the seemingly gay young woman who lives with them. She has disappeared – presumably she has committed suicide. The couple investigate tape-recordings and journals. The girl emerges as a different person, and they look again at themselves. Published by Calder & Boyars, 26 May, 25s (13s 6d in paperback)

OBSTACLES by Reinhard Lettau. A series of brief, often enigmatic sketches introduces a young German writer to this country. They are almost cartoon or silent film episodes, pictures of people dominated by their situation, thoughts and activities. In the last half of the book the language is pruned and the sketches usually take up less than a page. Published by Calder & Boyars, 26 May, 27s 6d

A HANDFUL OF RICE by Kamala Markandaya. Ravi, son of an Indian peasant, leaves the land for the city. He is disappointed, joins a band of petty criminals, then marries and tries to reform and to become successfully industrious. When he fails, he tries to return to his criminal friends. Published by Hamish Hamilton, 26 May, 25s

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

THE POCKET VENUS, A VICTORIAN SCANDAL by Henry Blyth. Lady Florence Paget was known to society as the "Pocket Venus" because she was beautiful and very small. Rivalry for her favours developed between the young Marquis of Hastings and Mr Henry Chaplin. It was the talk of 1864. Gambling, racehorses, the highest and the lowest life and a sudden change of heart before society's most fashionable wedding. At 26 the "Pocket Venus" was a widow Published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 26 May, 40s

THE FIRST BATTLE OF BRITAIN, 1917-18 by Raymond H Fredette. The story of the "England Squadron" and their raids against Britain in 1917-18. Based on official records, diaries and what the few survivors remember. These few German airmen in their Gothas and Giants did more damage than the Zeppelins, pioneered bomber formation flying and night bombing, and made a sudden and panic-provoking impact on England's island security. Published by Cassell, 26 May, 36s

THE CRISIS IN GERMAN IDEOLOGY by George L Mosse. The intellectual origins of National Socialism in Germany. Was it the product of a small group of men with unbalanced minds or had the doctrine in fact been respectable for several generations before Hitler's rise to power? What did he create and what did he exploit? The author was born in Berlin, is Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin. Published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 26 May, 42s

CRITICISM

YEATS AND THE HEROIC IDEAL by Alex Zwerdling. The poet and dramatist in relation to his life and background; his interest in myth, religion, the occult and Irish affairs is related to his vision of the heroic ideal and what the author calls Yeats's consecrated humanism. Published by Peter Owen, 26 May, 30s

TOWER OF BABEL: SPECULATIONS ON THE CINEMA by Eric Rhode. The author writes: "I was fascinated by the work of a number of directors and wanted to come to terms with them . . . the business of film-going can be compared to a dialogue with people we care about." He discusses 11 directors, among them Jean Vigo, Robert Bresson, Sergei Eisenstein, Federico Fellini and Alain Resnais. Published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 26 May, 36s

THE STANISLAVSKY HERITAGE by Christine Edwards. Stanislavsky's life and work from "apprentice" to "master builder," against the background of the Russian theatre. His influence in America: changes in American stage practice from 1890, sources of early American acting techniques, his impact on contemporary American theatre. Published by Peter Owen, 26 May, 50s

GENERAL

A PROSPECT OF RICHMOND by Janet Dunbar. The beginnings of Richmond: Henry VII's palace, the court at Shene, Richmond under Henry VIII and Elizabeth and in the eighteenth century, the rise of Kew, Ham and Petersham. Mainly historical study of Richmond, its pleasures and palaces through the ages, with illustrations. Published by Harrap, 26 May, 45s

REPORTING: LILLIAN ROSS. Seven examples of the writing of a highly successful American journalist. An immediate narrative style, the reporter well in the background. Perhaps the most important is her profile of Hemingway. Published by Jonathan Cape, 26 May, 35s

NEW PAPERBACKS

Ernest Hemingway week from Penguin Books. Five of his books published on 26 May

A MOVEABLE FEAST, 3s 6d
GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA, 5s
THE TORRENTS OF SPRING, 3s 6d
ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES, 5s
THE FIFTH COLUMN, 3s 6d
CAT & MOUSE by Gunter Grass, Penguin Books, 26 May, 3s 6d

coming soon

2 June: MISS MACINTOSH, MY DARLING by Marguerite Young
6 June: TREMOR OF INTENT by Anthony Burgess
TABOO by Armand Denis

MUSIC

FIRST FIVE: 1 Bluebeard (Sadler's Wells, Thur, Fri, Wed). 2 Turandot (Covent Garden, Sat). 3 Un Ballo In Maschera (Covent Garden, Thurs, Mon, Wed). 4 RPO, Kempe (Festival Hall, Mon). 5 Nilsson with LSO (Festival Hall, Tues).

It seems to be a natural law of music that only one Wagnerian *prima donna suprema* shall appear in any generation. No prizes are offered for naming the present incumbent. In the great opera houses, Wagner dates more or less revolve round the availability of Birgit Nilsson, the Swedish farmer's daughter who emerged as heir to Flagstad in the '50s.

Smaller than her Norwegian predecessor, but characteristically stocky, Miss Nilsson possesses a vocal organ which, for money, delivers the most stupendous soprano now operating. It's not just sheer size, awesome though this is, that makes her voice outstanding. Flawless control over two octaves, the quality of steel encased in gold, and a kind of majestic ecstasy as she soars to a climax, are the Nilsson hallmarks. When, after four hours' slog in *Tristan*, she calls up new reserves for the final Liebestod, tears from all but the most insensitive are virtually guaranteed.

Since her first triumphant Brünnhilde in 1957, Birgit Nilsson has regularly appeared at Covent Garden. Next Tues-

Stravinsky is to conduct his "Oedipus Rex" in the Oxford Bach Festival in June.

day (31 May) she makes another London debut – as a concert artist, singing Beethoven and Strauss arias (no Wagner this time) with Solti and the LSO at the Festival Hall.

As one of the world's most sought-after singers, Miss Nilsson has a proper sense of her own worth. She once threatened to boycott London because of one mildly critical notice. But she is basically a warm-hearted soul with a sense of humour. She tells a delightful story of how she coped with a nibbling horse while singing in *Die Walküre*. A pity, as Lincoln might have said, the animal could not be trained to bite some other sopranos.

If not quite in the Nilsson class, there are plenty of fine voices in Covent Garden's revival of *Un Ballo In Maschera*. This is an agreeable, rather than a punch-packing, member of the Verdi tribe, and the performance under Istvan Kertesz is stronger on lilting melodiousness than dramatic confrontation. Two other artists are making debuts in this production. Lucia Popp brings a Viennese sparkle to her gay, clear-voiced Oscar. Coloured American Shirley Verrett won deserved cheers for her beautiful, velvety singing as Ulrica, the fortune teller. Canadian Jon Vickers is again a warm-voiced Gustav, the unfortunate king.

richard last

John Fryatt (in the striped suit) as The Brazilian in Sadler's Wells' production of "La Vie Parisienne" currently in repertory. (See Opera).

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 26 May: Works by Turina, Bartók, Beethoven. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Raphael Frühbeck de Burgos. Soloist: Annie Fischer, piano. 8.0
Sat 28 May: Jazz – from Chicago to Kansas City. Earl Hines, Bud Freeman, Buck Clayton, Rex Stewart, Alex Welsh and his Band, Humphrey Lyttelton and his Band. 6.15. Jazz – The Erroll Garner Trio. 9.0
Sun 29 May: Works by Smetana, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Antal Dorati. Soloist: Geza Anda, piano. 7.30
M 30 May: Works by Bruckner, Mozart. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Rudolf Kempe. Soloist: Jose Iturbi, piano. 8.0
T 31 May: Works by Beethoven, R Strauss. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Georg Solti. Soloist. Birgit Nilsson, soprano, 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Th 26 & F 27 May: Bob Dylan. 7.30 (all tickets sold)

FAIRFIELD HALL, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 26 May: Works by Weber, Greig, Liadov, Enesco. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Susskind. Soloist: Daniel Pollack, piano
F 27 May: The Kinks, Wayne Fontana, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, Goldie, Sean Buckley Set, etc. 6.45 & 9.0

ODEON, SWISS COTTAGE, N3 (PRI 3424). T 31 May: Works by Kodaly, Tchaikovsky. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Rudolf Kempe. 8.0

ST MARGARET'S CHURCH, Lee Terrace, SE13. Th 26 May: Works by Purcell, Bach, Mozart, Britten. Blackheath String Orchestra. Conductor: Robert Munns. Soloist: Sylvia Tait, harpsichord. 8.0

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 27 May: The Dream, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy/Ashton. Song of the Earth, Mahler/MacMillan. Conductors: Young, Swarowsky. Principals: Sibley, Dowell, Grant, Seymour, MacLeary. 7.30
Sat 28 May: Ballet Imperial, Tchaikovsky/Balanchine. Card Game, Stravinsky/Cranko. The Dream, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy/Ashton. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Sibley, Doyle, Dowell. 2.15
T 31 May: The Dream, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy/Ashton. Song of the Earth, Mahler/MacMillan. Conductors: Lanchbery, Swarowsky. Principals: Seymour, Sibley, Dowell, MacLeary, Nureyev. 7.30

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). (Sandwiches & coffee available in upper house 1 hr before curtain. Salads available in Crush Bar ½ hr before curtain-up or during interval, but must be ordered by 1 pm on day concerned.)
Th 26 May: Un Ballo in Maschera, Verdi (in Italian). Conductor: Kertesz. Principals: Shuard, Popp, Gorr, Vickers, Glossop, Robinson, Rouleau. 7.30
Sat 28 May: Turandot, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Mackerras. Principals: Shuard, Vaughan, Corelli, Kelly. (Last performance this season). 7.30
M 30 May: Un Ballo in Maschera, Verdi (in Italian). Conductor: Kertesz. Principals: Shuard, Popp, Gorr, Vickers, Glossop, Robinson, Rouleau. 7.30
W 1 June: Un Ballo in Maschera, Verdi (in Italian). Conductor: Kertesz. Principals: Shuard, Popp, Gorr, Vickers, Glossop, Robinson, Rouleau. (Last performance this season). 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). (Grill Room: 3 course meal 17s 6d. Licensed. Wine by the glass or bottle. 6.30 pm until 7.30 pm. Cold Buffet service in the Wells Room.)
Th 26 & F 27 May: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton, Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30
Sat 28 May: Orpheus in the Underworld, Offenbach. Conductor: T Kern. Principals: London, Johnston, Morey, Manning, Miller, Belcourt, Browne, Stroud. 7.30
T 31 May: La Vie Parisienne, Offenbach. Conductor: Reid. Principals: Studholme, Burton, Morey, Robson, Belcourt, Fryatt, Miller, Stroud. 7.30
W 1 June: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton, Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30

RECITALS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 29 May: Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Bach. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. 3.0
W 1 June: Indian Music. Ravi Shankar, sitar, Alla Rakha, tabla. 8.0

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 26 May: Works by Haydn, Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Liszt. Reynaldo Reyes, piano. 7.30
W 1 June: Works by Schubert, Chopin, Wolfgang Fortenar, Brahms. Stephen Bishop, piano. Benjamin Luxon, baritone, David Willison, accompanist. 7.30

THE COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, High Street, Kensington, W8 (WES 1852). Th 26 May: Quartets by Haydn, Verdi, Beethoven. The Delme String Quartet. 8.0

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Marylebone Road NW1 (WEL 5461). F 27 May: Giovannia d'Arco. Donna-Faye Carr, Gene West, Alan Charles, Graham Treacher. 7.0

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Dubuffet (Tate). 2 Paul Jenkins (Tooths). 3 Victor Pasmore (New London). 4 Matt Rugg (New Art Centre). 5 Seligman Collection (Arts Council).

Most people have by now accepted that modern pictures are often very large. They have even taken to referring to them as "gallery" pictures.

And it is true that artists do intend their work to be public in scale however personal in motivation. But the thing that arouses my curiosity and my admiration is how and where on *earth* they manage to paint them.

Any kind of studio or working space has become difficult to find and the real things, built in the first place for working artists, have long since been taken over by those less than wholly dedicated to art and turned into smart *bijou* residences.

Landlords or ladies vary but many still try on the myth they invented some time back in the '90s that artists need North light and therefore could be let the coldest-facing and dreariest room in the house. Modern paintings above all seem to demand light, radiate it. Perhaps that is why modern art took such a long time coming here. The land-

American Pop in July: Robert Fraser hopes to show a distinguished quartet of Lichtenstine, Warhal, Rosenquist and Oldenburg.

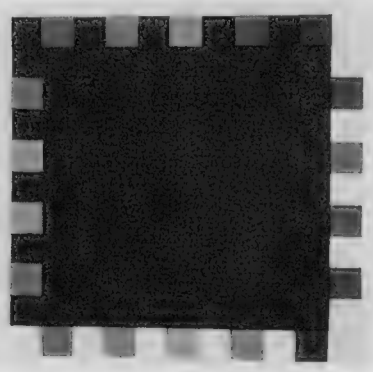
ings of Bayswater or Warwick Avenue have influenced the course of British art.

In this respect our leading painter, Francis Bacon, cannot be said to have helped things to improve by his own ability to paint in a room in which any four of his canvases would cover the walls and leave no gap to get out by.

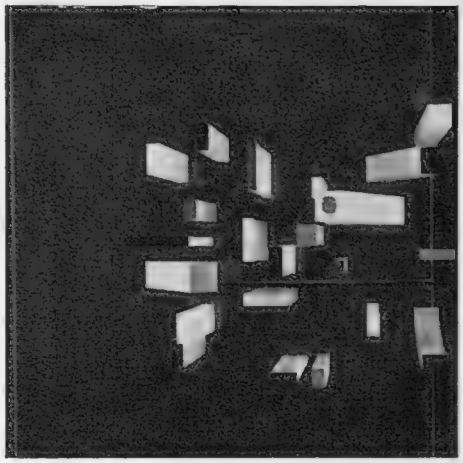
Recently Lord Snowdon's photographs of artists and their environments have more seriously, if excusably, presented a rather glamorous (*i.e.* appealing to the eye) view of conditions in an artist's life. Of course he was photographing the more successful ones but even then I am not sure how much of one's impression was due to the photographer's skill or the innate ability of most artists to transform and enhance their immediate surroundings.

At least one social scientist, speaking about town planning and development on the radio, suggested that any progressive developer with his eye on a drab urban area should begin by inviting artists to take residence and leave them to it. Being natural improvisors with trained eyes for visual character and quality they would improve any neighbourhood without having to knock it down. The speaker was right, though he may not have mentioned the obvious reason for this being true. Artists live where they work.

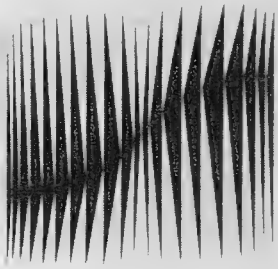
keith sutton

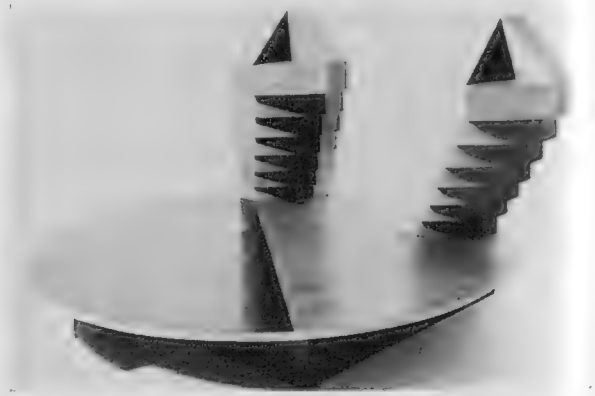


Left: Tahitian Interior (1898) by Arthur Studd at D'Offay. Right: "Square Dance" by Roger Cook at Rowan



Left: Transparent hanging construction (1966) by Victor Pasmore at New London. Right: "Girl Sewing" (19[illegible] by Victor Pasmore at Roland, Browse & Delbanco





Left: Untitled drawing by Bridget Riley at Robert Fraser. Right: "Echo" (1966), painted wood by Matt Rugg at New Art Centre

OPENING

EDWARD AVEDISIAN. Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Paintings by American abstract artist. 1 June-18 June. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ROGER COOK. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Second solo exhibition, recent paintings, acrylic on canvas, kapok padding. 3-23 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURWEN. 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. "Made by Hand"; a retrospective of auto-lithography printed at the Curwen press 1920-50. 2 June-2 July. M-F 10-5, Thur 10-7, Sat 10-1

OTTO GUTFREUND (1889-1927). Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Czech cubist, born in Prague; 22 bronzes and about 20 drawings. 1-24 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BALRAJ KHANNA. Anthony Tooth, 6a Maddox Street, W1. GRO 7491. Recent abstract paintings by Indian artist living in England. 1-21 June. M-F 10.30-5.30, Sat 10-1

LEFEVRE. 30 Bruton Street, W1. MAY 2250. Contemporary French and British painters including Colmece, Taylor, Lowry, Burra and M Smith. 2 June-September. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

VICTOR PASMORE. Marlborough New London, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Recent relief constructions. Also four large works by Gottlieb. 1 June-1 July. M-F 10.5, Sat 10-12

BRIDGET RILEY. Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Drawings on paper from all stages of her development. 1-25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

MATT RUGG. New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Painted and unpainted wooden works. 4-25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AGNEW. 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. Baroque and Rococo painting in Italy. Until 28 May. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

AIA. 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Diana Dean. Sculptures; also prints, open exhibition. Until 7 June. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

PAULINE AITKEN. Curwen. 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. Etchings. Until 28 May. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

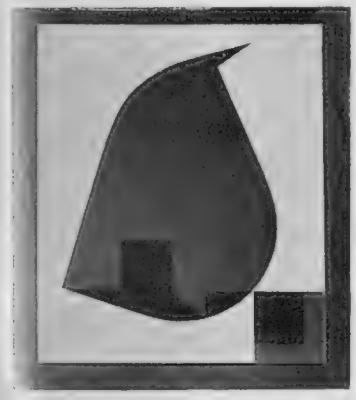
ARTS COUNCIL. 4 St James's Square, SW1. WHI 9737. Selection from the collection of Oriental art formed by the late Prof and Mrs C G Seligman. Until 7 June. M, W, F & Sat 10-6, Tu & Th 10-8. Adm 3s 6d. Students and pensioners half-price

ART FEDERATION GALLERY. 6½ Suffolk Street, SW1. WHI 6844. Free Painters Group; "Trends in Modern Art 1966." Until 4 June. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

ILENE ASTRAHAN. Portal Gallery, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. "Doors of Perception"; tempera paintings on panel; Mediterranean façades and surrealistic-

Robert Bevan drawing at D'Offray.

"Venetian Doorway" by Ilene Astrahan at Portal.



"Pamir" (1952-62): Vasarely at Brook Street.

ally inclined still-lifes. Sizes up to 36 in. x 24 in. Until 24 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BATTERSEA PARK. Open-air sculpture exhibition; including works by Moore, Hepworth, Paolozzi, Caro etc. Until 30 Sep – till the light fails. Adm 2s 6d Stds & under 16, 1s 6d

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Drawings, lithographs, documents. Until 18 Sep. Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6. Open Whit Monday

BRITISH MUSEUM. Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. A further selection of Masterpieces from the Print Room: New Guinea; the Sepik Headwaters 1963-4: Far Eastern Screen Painting: Swedish Gold. (Until 26 June.) Open Whit Monday. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

ERIC BROWN & PAMELA KERR. Grabowski, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Paintings and metal collages. Until 23 June. Daily 10-6

ANTHONY D'OFFAY. 8 Vigo Street, W1. REG 5568. The English Friends of Paul Gauguin. Until 2 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BILL DOLE. McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Abstract collages with graphic inflections; first solo exhibition in Britain. Until 18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

DRIAN. 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Drian artists. Until 8 June. Daily 10-6

DUBUFFET. Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. "Utensiles Utopiques": recent work. Until 28 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

DUBUFFET. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective exhibition. Until 30 May. M-S 10-6, Tues and Th 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm 3s 6d adults, 1s 9d students and old-age pensioners. Season – 10s and 5s

BARBARA HEPWORTH. Gimpels Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Recent sculptures and drawings, work in bronze and slate. Until July. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

IVON HITCHENS. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent paintings, oil on canvas, romantic landscapes. Until 25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PAUL JENKINS. Arthur Tooth, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Oils and water-colours, modest in size but grand in scale. Until 4 June. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

PAUL JENKINS. Savage, 65 Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN 7945. Lithographs, including the series of illustrations to "Seeing Voice Welsh Heart." Until 31 May. M-F 9-6, Sat 9-1

LORD'S GALLERY. 26 Wellington Road, St John's Wood, NW8. PRI 4444. "Bonnard, Lautrec & '90's Posters" extended till mid-June. Daily 10-7

JOAN MIRO. Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Selected paintings 1914-63. Until 28 May. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

O'HANA. 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Summer exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings. Until 17 Sept. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY. Buckingham Palace, SW1. "George IV and the Arts of France." Until further notice. T-Sat 11-5, Sun 2.30-5. Closed Mon. Adm 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

ROLAND, BROWSE & DELBANCO. 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. *La Vie Intime.* Until 18 June. M-F 10.30-5.30, Sat 10-1

ROTHENBERG, KIRK AND WEBSTER. Woodstock, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Recent paintings; Rothenberg – figurative, Kirk – figurative towards pop, Webster – abstract towards hard-edge. Until 11 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ROYAL ACADEMY. Piccadilly W1. REG 7981. Summer Exhibition. Until 14 August. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm 5s. Students and pensioners half-price

LINO SCHENAL. Obelisk, 15 Crawford Street, W1. HUN 9821. Italian artist who lives in Portofino and paints bright semi-surrealist pictures, poster-oils on canvas. Until 7 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PATRICK SCOTT. Hamilton, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Adjustable abstracts, gold on natural canvas. Second solo exhibition at gallery. Until 18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

SALEROOMS

FRI 27 MAY

Rugs and carpets, English and Continental furniture at Sotheby's. 11 am

Pictures by Old and Modern Masters at Christie's. 11 am

Household furniture and effects at Phillips, Son & Neale's, Marylebone auction rooms. 10 am

MON 30 MAY

Whit Monday holiday. Time to start cleaning up those black canvases for next year's sales. I patched up a 10s torn and ripped canvas recently, and sold it for a profit of £5. Holiday continues 31 May

WED 1 JUNE

Chinese porcelain, snuff bottles and works of art at Sotheby's. 11 am, continuing Thursday

Household furniture and effects at Bonham's Old Chelsea Galleries. 11 am

Pictures at Bonham's Old Chelsea Galleries. 2 pm

Antiques at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

THURS 2 JUNE

Fine English and foreign silver and plate at Sotheby's. 11 am

English and Continental furniture at Christie's. 11 am

Violins and musical instruments at Puttick & Simpson's 11 am. If your child has expressed a desire to play a wind or string instrument now is your chance to get it. Don't get an expensive one. The music mistress will probably find fault with it, or the infant may change its mind before the autumn term

Carpets and rugs at Bonham's. 11 am. It is amazing how much those "tatty old rugs" can be worth. But beware when buying oriental carpets. When in a carpet shop in Tangier not so long ago, I noticed the dirty prayer-mat on which the Arab vendor was standing. After tremendous bargaining I bought it for what I thought was the bargain price of £20. When I brought it back. I discovered that it had been made in Birmingham and was worthless.

Antique and modern furniture at Bonham's. 11 am

Pictures by Old and Modern Masters at Bonham's. 11 am

Modern guns and antique weapons at Knight, Frank & Rutley's. 1 pm. Now is the opportunity to get ready for next autumn's grouse shooting

ADDRESSES & VIEWING DAYS

Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – at least three days before sale

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd. 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – at least two days before sale

Knight, Frank & Rutley, 20 Hanover Square, W1 (MAY 8171) – at least two days before sale

Motcomb Galleries, 19 Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – at least two days before sale

Phillips, Son & Neale Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least two days before sale

Puttick & Simpson, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least two days before sale

Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

penny haworth

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 2 JUNE:
Cricket: England v West Indies, Old Trafford, Manchester (to 7th).
Opera: The Queen Mother will attend the gala first performance *La Fille du Régiment,* Covent Garden.

FRIDAY 3 JUNE
Ball: Ski Club of Great Britain annual ball, Hurlingham Club, 8 pm-3 am.

SATURDAY 4 JUNE:
The schooner *Sir Winston Churchill* will be docked opposite the Tower of London where members of the public will be allowed to board it. Money raised goes to the Sail Training Association (till 6th).

MONDAY 6 JUNE:
Exhibition: Paintings by mentally handicapped children, Qantas Gallery, Piccadilly.

TUESDAY 7 JUNE:
Inspection: The Queen will inspect her Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard in Buckingham Palace garden.

WEDNESDAY 8 JUNE:
Fair: Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House (to 23rd).

THURSDAY 9 JUNE:
Horse Show: Richmond Royal Horse Show (and 10th).
Dinner: Coaching Club dinner, Hurlingham Club.

SATURDAY 11 JUNE:
Trooping the Colour: The Queen will take the salute on her Official Birthday, Horse Guards Parade.

SUNDAY 12 JUNE:
Polo: Queen's Cup final, Windsor Great Park.

TUESDAY 14 JUNE:
Racing: Royal Ascot (to 17th).

SATURDAY 18 JUNE:
Polo: Smith's Lawn Cup final, Windsor Great Park.
Party: The Household Brigade Polo Club cocktail party.

SUNDAY 19 JUNE:
Tennis: International Lawn Tennis Reception for overseas players, Hurlingham Club.

MONDAY 20 JUNE:
Tennis: All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.

SATURDAY 25 JUNE:
Greyhound Derby: White City.

WEDNESDAY 29 JUNE:
Regatta: Henley Royal Regatta (to 2 July).
Show: Royal National Rose Society, Alexandra Palace.

MONDAY 11 JULY:
Football: World Cup Football Championships, Wembley, to be attended by the Queen and Prince Philip.

WEDNESDAY 13 JULY:
Royal Tournament, Earl's Court (till 30th).

SATURDAY 16 JULY:
British Grand Prix, Brands Hatch (motor racing).

TUESDAY 19 JULY:
Visit: King Hussein of Jordan and his wife will pay a state visit to London.
Highland Games, Inverary

TUESDAY 26 JULY:
Stewards Cup: Goodwood.

THURSDAY 28 JULY:
Jersey Battle of Flowers.

SATURDAY 30 JULY:
Cowes Week (till 6 Aug).

GOOD EATING

RICH YOUNG COUPLE – money no object – find life a lot easier (and cheaper!) since starting to eat out regularly in Peter Evans' Eating Houses. Seven different restaurants to choose from in the more civilised parts of London – each with a different personality. One thing they all have in common – besides a sort of dependable simplicity in their choice of food and wines is quick service as well as Food with Style. You'll find them at: 65 Kings Road, S.W.3. SLO 2810. 1 Kingly Street, W.1. REG 7460. 78 Kensington High Street, W.8. WES 8282. 225 Brompton Road, S.W.3. KEN 8578. 115 Finchley Road, N.W.3. PRI 4990. 60 Fleet Street, E.C.4. FLE 4996. Midmoor House, Kew Road, Richmond. RIChmond 1165.

Lunch noon – 3pm
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M Claude Taittinger, (right), head of the champagne firm, and his wife Catherine discuss methods of corking during a tour of the cellars at Reims.

All's quiet now on the champagne front. It was not always thus. The 1914-18 War whose Battle of the Marne straddled the vineyards round Reims, saw one lot of champers off.

And the production lost during that little bout has never been fully recovered, I learned during a recent weekend's tour of the Taittinger vineyards and cellars.

A more recent civil strife was the champagne war in which a truce has lately been concluded. This, between sips of Blanc de Blancs Brut 1961, is the tale they told me:

"We created the war ourselves. It was a stupid war," said my guide. "A technique was invented which helped us get rid of hailstorms. If we saw storm clouds moving in, we would send up a rocket which produced a particular kind of chemical reaction, and drove the storm in another direction.

"When these clouds reached our neighbour's vineyards, he would send up his rocket, and push them over to *his* neighbour's land.

"It was a shocking business. Too many people joined in . . . Now the war's over, and if hail should fall – *tant pis*."

It's a big business, this champagne, as you might have guessed. Taittingers keep 5 million bottles in reserve in their five kilometres of cellars – that's worth about £10,000,000. They sell about 1,500,000 bottles every year. "One day," said 38-year-old Claude Taittinger, present boss of the firm, "I hope we shall conquer the Russian market again."

Let me now give the French a shock: half their beloved champagne vines are composed of *American* plants. But it's not as sinister as it sounds. Early in the 20th century, when vines were attacked by phylloxera, an insect that lays its eggs under the bark, a graft was devised. A neutral American plant, which bears no grapes, is grown in a cask full of sawdust and sand, kept in a heated room for three weeks, then grafted on to the French plant which does bear grapes but which is no longer in direct contact with the soil.

Every autumn, several thousand French factory workers and miners go grape-picking in Champagne. If the Taittinger hiring of 1,000 workers for their 500 acres is anything to go by, they work two to the acre.

The work, like so much of the production of champagne, is unlikely ever to be mechanised. Though Claude Taittinger told me that in America, where "even Mexicans won't do that work now," the vines have had to be grown in arches for the mechanical picker to go through.

Pointing proudly at his open-order, straight, metre-high ranks of vines, he said: "It would be quite a revolution here, to grow them all that different shape."

Nor will the *remeur's* work – he's the man who goes round all the bottles every day while they mature in the cellars, shaking them and tilting them ultimately to get rid of the sediment – ever be done by a machine.

Claude Taittinger never intended to go into the champagne business, brought up and revolutionised by his father, Pierre, after the 1914-18 War. He was a journalist by trade, reporting the Indo-China war of 1954, including the fall of Dien Bien Phu, as member of a paratroop unit.

But when, in 1960, his brother, François, died in a car crash, and his two other brothers, Pierre and Jean, decided to make politics their careers, Claude, the youngest took over the firm's manage ment. "I never smoke," he said "It would spoil the palate. T become a good taster a ma has to taste frequently. It like exercising on the piano.

"I must say I have greatl improved my knowledge tasting under the chief of ou cellars, Roger le Nique. He's very good teacher – one of th two or three able to identif blindfold the *grands crus* champagne. His great-grea great-grandfather was alread a famous winegrower a maker under Louis XV."

We ate twice in châteaux b longing to the Taittingers – t 13th-century mansion of t Comtes de Champagne and t 17th-century Marquetterie.

The first meal was five cou ses – ham *farci* with chick liver, turbot in *vin nature*, s loin of Charalais beef, chees pineapple ice-cream – and was the second – salmon stea chicken in champagne sau with rice, ham salad, chees strawberries.

As you may imagine, I returned to London heavy of heart and utterly stupefi d. We (that is a party of wi e merchants, Johnny Dark, who is one of the *Casino Rouale* producers, and I) drank Taittinger Brut 1961 and Taittinger Rose Brut 1961, and nothing else for a day and a half. The pink champagne, incidentally, is pretty suave. Princess Margaret drank little but in her nightclub era, and they sent it over especially for the Queen during the last war.

It is, of course, practically blasphemy to report that at dinner one evening in Reims a top London wine shipper murmured: "What I could do with right now is a bottle of plonk."

arthur pottersman

DOUBLE EVENT

CARLTON TOWER, Cadogan Place, SW1 (BEL 5411). Two restaurants here, both open seven days a week. *Rib Room* from 12-3 and 6-12 (last orders 11.30). This is where you can find first-rate English roast beef with American descriptions: "A veritable Beefeater's Bonanza . . . a Giant slice of very, very tender and Succulent Roast Beef – Rib and All," it says of the Gourmet Adam Rib Cut at 27s 6d. Setting aside the usual rule, that the more words the less quality, munch on, dear friends, munch on. With this, and with a 25s Roast Rib of Aberdeen-Angus, goes baked potato with chives and sour cream . . . Yorkshire Pop-over (I *swear* that's what they say) and salad. The Rib Room also offers: hamburger (21s) and several other steaks, from grilled fillet mignon (32s 6d) and a T-bone (35s) to steak tartare (37s 6d). Start here with Little Neck Clams (15s), crab (10s 6d), chopped liver (7s 6d), or, best of all, herring in sour cream (9s 6d). Finish with apple pie (4s 6d) or ice-cream cake (7s 6d, and Americans know what it is). Minimum charge here 30s a head. Now for the *Chelsea Room*, which is really rather splendid, what with the yellow table linen and all. Open every day from 12.30-3 (last orders 2.30) and 7-12 (last orders 11.30). There's a mighty menu here, so I shall mention but a few dishes with a general kind of assurance that life's swell all round here, or do I mean swollen? Cold meals, meats or seafood (19s 6d to 30s) are pretty OK. Cold Bortsch makes a welcome appearance (6s). Clam chowder is enormous and filling (6s). There are seven special dishes, which they describe as "The Gourmet's Choice," and while I'm never happy at the assurance that "these dishes are prepared and flambéd at your table," it's only my word against the entire middle class. So: shelled Cornish lobster, sliced and flambé (30s); breast of chicken in butter, mushrooms, cream and flambé (22s 6d); shashlik orientale, brought to your table on a flaming sword (23s 6d). There's a large sweet trolley, which includes even rice pud, but do go for the peaches in zabaglione sauce (both 7s 6d). And, hooray, you can end up with mint or camomile tea. Minimum charge here, too, is almost always 30s. Two special menus in the Chelsea Room deserve extra mention: Shoppers' Luncheon Suggestions: you start with melon or prawn cocktail or avocado or soup; and you end up with sweet or cheese from the trolley. In between determines the price: Eggs Benedictine on an English muffin (25s.); scampi meunière (30s); roast loin of pork (27s 6d); assorted cold cuts (27s 6d). There's also a Sunday Brunch menu of similar selections, but that's 30s straight. If only they'd serve it at 4 pm . . it's a kind of breakfast-cum-lunch-cum-tea, and you can end up with tea, should you desire. Wine list throughout the Carlton is somewhat large, but I guess you'll find a carafe at about 25s. CREDIT CARDS: Diners, American Express, Carlton Tower, HCA/Western.

L'ESCARGOT BIENVENU, 48 Greek Street, W1 (GER 4460). Open Monday to Saturday from 12-3 and 5.45-11 (last orders 11 pm). Closed on Bank holidays and Easter Saturday. An immensely civilised French restaurant, whose menu changes from day to day, but without any fluctuation in excellence. Comfortable tables and chairs, well-spaced, so there's no real eavesdropping. The house speciality is, inevitably, escargots de Bourgogne at 12s the dozen. In appropriate seasons avocado pear (5s 6d) and asparagus are good here. So are their cream soups (about 2s). Escalope (15s 6d) is still worth it. Pigeon (10s 6d) makes a change, but perhaps more so when you're not too hungry to begin with. Vegetables here are very enjoyable – how fine are the pommes croquettes! – but endives never lose that characteristic and to me just too bitter taste. A jolly good French goodies department, including petits pots de chocolat (3s) and a bombe Bienvenue (5s 6d). As for the wines – no carafes at all, but you'll find what appears to be a perfectly acceptable bunch of reds and whites at 15s 6d to 17s a bottle at the lower end. CREDIT CARDS: Diners, American Express, Barclay, Eurocard, Uncle Tom Cobley and all, they gaily proclaim.

AROUND TOWN

KENCO COFFEE HOUSE, Caltex House, 52 Brompton Road, SW3. Open every day from 9 am-12 midnight, Sundays from 10 am (last orders taken at 11.45, and a full menu served all day). Each of these Kenco places has slight differences from its fellows' menus. Unique to this one: grilled pork chop (6s 6d) and roast beef rolls à la hussarde (6s 6d). They are all of them immensely useful cafe-restaurants, where gentlemen can afford to entertain their wives, and ladies may rest awhile between shopping expeditions to Knightsbridge and Harrods without breaking their poor men's bank balances. Kencos serve iced coffee. Kencos do quite nice salads (from frankfurters and potato salad, 4s, to spiced ham or ox tongue and salad, 8s). Their omelettes are very edible. All their coffee highly drinkable. Only fault I must mention of this particular one: the service downstairs sometimes is deplorable – recently my wife waited 15 minutes in vain for something to eat and drink, but despite having ordered it, had to depart hungry.

KENCO COFFEE HOUSE, 62-64 Kensington High Street, W8. Open every day from 9 am-12 midnight, Sundays from 10 am (last orders at 11.45). I recall having kind words for the Breton Buttery's pancakes here once before, and those views haven't changed. The rest of the place includes among comestibles steak and kidney pie (5s) and entrecote steak (11s 6d) which is served with tomato, but I have never seen why that's such a big deal. Other typical and value-for-money Kenco food, such as: quiche lorraine (5s), lemon meringue pie (2s), rather pleasant cream cheese (2s). It's not their fault, I suppose, but something to do with the area; evenings at this Kenco seem somehow to be spoilt at times by a yobbo sort of ambiance. As P G Wodehouse rightly said: "Kensington . . . where sin stalks naked through the alleys and only might is right."

KENCO-CENTRE COFFEE HOUSE, Kenilworth Hotel, Great Russell Street, WC1. Open every day from 9 am-11 pm (last orders at 11 pm). I should like to suggest that, like some of its sister Kencos, this one, too, remains open until midnight, for it's uncommonly well-placed for post-theatre traffic (as are some of the others I know) and is very good and large and airy as well. Tea, coffee, toasted sandwiches for them as aren't hungry. Tomato soup, wine-flavoured (2s), grilled rump steak (12s 6d) or steak-and-kidney vol-au-vent (5s 6d) or gammon steak (7s 6d) for them as are. Goodies or ice-cream or patisseries for both varieties. Two points, one minor, one major: the lights could with advantage be a little dimmer; the Danish pastries could with advantage be more reliably fresher. PS: This is one of the licensed Kencos with lager at 2s and carafe wines at 2s 9d. the glass.

LOUIS' HUNGARIAN PATISSERIE, 32 Heath Street, NW3 **(HAM 9908).** Tea room open every day 9.30-6.30. On noisy and bustling Saturday and Sunday afternoon expect to wait 10 minutes for a table. Splendid croissants and butter (1s 6d). Delicious cakes and pastries, eclairs, marzipan potatoes, fruit pie from 1s to 1s 6d. Strong Continental coffee, black or white, 1s a cup. Tea is 1s 6d a two-cup pot. Efficient service

TOP TEN

AU JARDIN DES GOURMETS, French, 5 Greek Street, W1 (GER 1816). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30. Average bill for two £4 10s-£5. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

BARON OF BEEF, English, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Mon-Fri 12-3, 5-9.30 (last orders, but licensed to 11). Average bill for two £5 plus. No credit cards, but private accounts arranged

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001), and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 1 am-3 pm, Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30-3, 5.30-11 (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Average bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

CAPRICE, French, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 3183, 5154). Mon-Sat 12.30-3, 6.30 onwards (last orders 11.45). Average bill for two £5 10s. Credit cards: Eurocard

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

CRANKS SALAD TABLE, vegetarian, 22 Carnaby Street, W1 (GER 9431). Mon-Fri 11.30-8.30 (coffee from 10). Bill about 13s

YOUNG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT, 13-15 West Street, WC2 (TEM 2322). Open daily 12 noon-12 midnight. Typical main dish, Chinese savoury pastries, two portions 10s-12s. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Average bill for two £5-£6. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

SIMPSONS - IN - THE - STRAND, English, 100 the Strand, WC2 (TEM 7131). Mon-Sat 12-3, 6.10 (booking essential). Average bill for two £3 10s. Credit cards: Eurocard

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NIGHT LIFE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Scotch of St James's. 2 Annie's Room. 3 Dolly's. 4 Annabel's. 5 Quaglino's.

I wonder how many men have sat in clubs, fidgeting, and wondering what passes through the minds of those girls who take their clothes off to music. For the stripper, that lushly proportioned mainstay of the night-club business, must take the biscuit as the most readily misunderstood creature in the world. Fascinated by what these girls do think about as they peel off stockings, unzip zips and cavort for the silent delight of their audiences, I went back-stage at Paul Raymond's Revuebar in Soho to talk to them. In one tiny dressing-room four of the strippers, who do six nights a week at the club, dispelled a few illusions for me.

First thing, as you might have guessed, is that it's not all art. The short answer to why girls start undressing in public is money. It pays more than a secretary and more than a dancer. The next thing is they don't switch off their minds and concentrate on their bodies.

Janet Carson, with three years in stripping, makes a survey of the different audiences. "And the Italians are the worst. They never applaud. We're very sensitive to applause." Jennie Kenna says she thinks a lot about television, while Paula Laurence can't assess an audience "because I can't see farther than the first row anyway." Penny McDonell thinks too many men have "the wrong idea about strippers."

The only regular backstage visitor at the Revuebar is a St JohnAmbulanceBrigademan. His purpose—to cope with stiff elbows, sore throats and attacks of housemaid's knee.

Australian Sally Ann Merrington—"stripping is not so highly thought of back home in Sydney"—shook me by saying that she has been embarrassed on stage "by some of the things the men call out." The girl who shares a dressing-room with her is French-born Cora Caravelle. She says her dedication is "to make men excited." But then added: "I prefer the life with a husband and children."

The star of the show is Rita Elen, ably supported by Baron von Heczey and a fully-grown cheetah. All three of them share a dressing-room and the cheetah has more space than the humans, because of his cage. While the Baron taped up the cheetah's claws Miss Elen showed me her selection of bruises and scratches. Being undressed by a cheetah, not long out of the jungle, is not the gentlest way of earning a living.

john viner

Comedian and entertainer Lance Percival will be appearing in cabaret at Quaglino's from 30 May.

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

BLUE ANGEL, 14 Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 1443). Bar opens 6.30 pm, restaurant-cabaret room opens 10 pm, cabaret at 1 am. Annual membership 3 guineas, cover charge 5s a head after 11 pm. Short grills menu about 25s a head. Drinks at saloon bar prices with slight increase after 11 pm. *Entertainment:* Cabaret at 1 am. Till 28 May. The Raindrops, The Islanders, John Wade. From 30 May: The Islanders, Carolyn Hudson, The Jones Boys. Dancing to two bands from 10.15. Gambling: blackjack and roulette, stakes 2s 6d to 5s. No hostesses, members must be partnered

EVE, 189 Regent Street, W1 (REG 0879). 9 pm-4 am. Entrance 30s members and guests, annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. Whisky by the bottle about £5 (they'll keep it till next time). Whisky by the glass 3s 6d. *Entertainment:* Floor-show in two parts, 10.30 pm and 1 am. Currently: Hurtado De Cordoba and His Spanish Ballet

EL MOROCCO, 15/16 Gerrard Street, W1 (REG 2931). 10 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret 1 am. No membership fee. Cover charge 10s 6d per head. Scotch, gin, etc, £5. Champagne £5, wines from 25s

NEGRESCO, 23 Brook Street, Mayfair, W1 (MAY 5374 & 2443). Restaurant 9.30 pm-3 am. Club 9.30 pm-3 am. Closed Sun. No entrance or membership fees. Five-course meal 30s (*à la carte* Mon-Thur). Whisky 3s 9d, beer 3s. *Entertainment:* Music, dancing, cabaret with Ronnie Ross, Art Fairbanks, Johnny Hawksworth, and others. Showbiz guests often perform impromptu

PIGALLE, 190 Piccadilly, W1 (REG 6423). 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Dinner from 7.30. No membership, no entrance fee. Mon to Sat: Dinner Dance & Show 57s 6d inclusive, plus drinks. M to F. Supper, dance & show 35s. Whisky, double, 5s. *Entertainment:* Spectacular floor-show, 2 orchestras

QUAGLINO'S, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 7.30 pm-1.30 am, inc Sun. Cabaret 11.45 p.m. Dinner £2 10s. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 3 bands, cabaret. Currently: Paddy Roberts. From 30 May: Lance Percival

SAVOY RESTAURANT, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4343). 8 pm to 2 am. Cabaret at midnight. Dinner, Dance & Cabaret 52s 6d excluding coffee and wine, or *à la carte*. *Entertainment:* The Savoy Show

THE STORK ROOM, 99 Regent Street, W1 (REG 3686). 8 pm till 4 am including Sundays. Dinner, dance and show with wine about £7 for two. *Entertainment:* Dancing to two bands and lavish floor-show currently called "Night Life" at 11.30 pm and 1.45 am

DINNER & DANCE

BEACHCOMBER, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 5.30 pm-1.30 am. Minimum charge 30s a head in the restaurant. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner from 6.30 pm-midnight £2 to £2 10s a head. Cocktails average from 7s. Wines from 21s to £3. *Entertainment:* Three bands from 8 pm-1.30 am. Three vocalists

CANDLELIGHT CLUB, 3 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W1 (GRO 5753). Mon to Fri 8.30 pm-4 am. Sun 8.30 pm till 3.30 am. Closed Sat. Dinner, *à la carte* only; as many courses as you wish 79s 6d plus wine. Drinks. Wines from 30s.

Whisky 12s double. Cover charge 1 guinea. Service charge 15 per cent. Superb flambés prepared at the table by Eugène from the Ritz, Parish and Savoy, London. Bilingual hostess service. Dancing to Allan Comyns at the piano. Discothèque. Licensed till 3.30 am

GATTOPARDO, 29a James Street, W1 (WEL 4689). Midday-3 pm lunch approx 30s a head including wine, 7 pm-3 am dinner approx 50s a head including cover charge and wine. Closed Sun. No service charge. Dancing till 3 am to Frank Holder's music. Licensed till 3 am

RENAISSANCE CLUB, 39a Harrington Road, SW7 (KEN 7761). 11.30 am-3 pm and 5.30 pm-1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu. Wines 18s 6d to 37s, all vintage. Whisky 2s 9d. No service or cover charge. Licensed to midnight, supper licence till 1 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to three-piece band

VILLA DEI CESARI, 135 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (TAT 7453/VIC 9872). Open every day except Mon 7.30 pm-2.30 am. One of the best river views in London. Speciality Roman food. Dinner for two, with wine, about £5-£6. Full wine list, carafes from 19s 6d. Dancing to two bands until early hours

VINES, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1197). Midday-3 pm lunch, cover charge 1s 6d. Set 4-course lunch 18s 6d. Bar open from 6 pm-11 pm. Dinner from 7.30 pm-midnight. Cover charge 2s 6d. Food *à la carte,* approx 25s a head plus wine. Whisky 7s large measure. Membership 2 guineas. Dancing to discothèque music

DISCOTHEQUES

BIRDLAND, 4 Duke of York Street, SW1 (WHI 1648). 8 pm-4 am. Membership: 4 guineas a year men, 2 guineas ladies. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d; ladies, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Full restaurant specialising in Caribean dishes. Dinner approx 23s plus wine. *Entertainment:* special American guest artists and groups perform once monthly. Dancing to discs. 31 May: Benny Kay at 12.30 pm. Members 15s, guests £1

CLUB EUROPA, 251 Finchley Road, NW3 (HAM 5437). 8 pm till midnight. Strictly European Club. Closed Mon. Membership, 1 guinea men, 10s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d weekdays to 8s 6d weekends, free Tues. Drinks at pub prices. No food. Licensed till 11 pm. Dancing to discothèque

CROMWELLIAN, 3 Cromwell Road, SW7 (KNI 7258). 8 pm-2.30 am. Annual membership 3 guineas, entrance 7s 6d members, 12s 6d guests. Small grills menu about £1 a head plus drinks (average club prices). *Entertainment:* Several groups, discothèque, casino

DOWNSTAIRS, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 10.30 pm-2.30 am. No membership. Entrance 10s (Sat £1). Includes free snacks, sandwiches, etc. Double whisky 7s, gin 6s 6d, champagne £2 5s. *Entertainment:* 3 bands

FLAMINGO, 33/37 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 1549). Closed Mon. 7.30-11 pm Tues. 7.30-11.30 and midnight to 5 am Fri, band session and usually US star. 7.30-11.30 pm, midnight to 6 am, Sat, band session, 3-6 pm and 7-11 pm, Sun, band session. Membership (incl in first visit) 10s early session, 15s late session. Entrance 5s early session, 10s late session (more if big name). Tues, record session 3s 6d. Unlicensed

LE KILT, 60 Greek Street, W1 (GER 6744). 8 pm-3 am nightly. Membership: boys £1, girls 10s, for three months. Entrance fee: boys 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Light meals at approx 10s a head. Drinks at pub prices

THE 007, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm 10s 6d. Light supper from 11 pm from 13s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Discothèque and a band from 9 pm

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, SW1 (TRA 6109). 10.30 pm-4 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Overseas and country members 2 guineas. Entrance 10s members and first guest, £1 guests thereafter. Grills menu about £1 a head till 3.30 am. Drinks, single 5s. Bar closes 4 am, drinks stop 3.30 am. If the scene is right they revel on. *Entertainment:* Resident groups. The VIPs, The Chavelles, The Gas. Impromptu performances by famous clientèle.

GAMING

CROCKFORD'S, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (WHI 1131). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 a 100; poker 5 pm, 10s-£4 a game; chemin de fer 9 pm; blackjack 10 pm; roulette 5 pm, max £100 even chances, £5 on number, min 2s 6d; kalooki 8.0 pm. Membership, 8 guineas, Out-of-town residents, 4 guineas, overseas members 3 guineas. Restaurant and bar

FIVE HUNDRED SPORTING CLUB, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). Open 24 hours. Membership 1 guinea. Luxurious intimate atmosphere. French roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, poker. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £50. Racing facilities. Restaurant for inexpensive meals. Licensed till midnight

QUENTS, 22 Hill Street, W1 (HYD 7766). 6.30 pm onwards. Inclusive membership 2 guineas a year. Baccarat, roulette, blackjack, craps. Billiard room. Minimum stakes vary from game to game, 2s 6d-£2. Bar and restuarant

SPORTING CLUB KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 163 Knightsbridge, SW7 (KNI 4252). Club opens 3 pm and closes normally at 3 am but may be later, depending on state of play. Bar has normal licensing hours. Membership 3 guineas a year. Sundays an inclusive charge of £1 for champagne buffet; all buffet tickets sold are eligible for raffle the same night for prize to the value of £100. Blackjack 10s-£50, chemin de fer, table charge £3, maximum opening bank £15, maximum bank £200. American roulette, min stake 2s, max £50. American dice, min £1, max £50. Baccarat, min £2, max £250; à Cheval £500. Roulette 2s-£100. Restaurant opens 7 pm, breakfast from 1 am. Lunch midday-3 pm (bar open) 21s for three-course meal inc wine. Temporary membership can be arranged

THE VICTORIA SPORTING CLUB, 150/162 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2467). 2 pm-5 am. Membership £3 a year. Table fees. Baccarat, backgammon, bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette. Minimum stakes from 5s to £1, maximum from £50 to £600. Restaurant and bar

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM, Bloomsbury, WC1 (MUS 1555). Th 26 May: English watercolours, Rowlandson (illustrated) 11.30. Sat 28 May: General tour: Indian and Moslem antiquities 3. M 30 May: Some masterpieces of the British Museum 11.30; Magna Carta (illustrated) 3.0. T 31 May: Chinese pottery and porcelain 3.0

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 9441). Th 26 May: A Study of Volcanoes (4) Volcanoes and the Earth's Crust 3.0. Sat 28 May: Mining for Nickel (film) 3.0

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, 17-18 Dover Street, W1 (GRO 6186). Th 26 May: The Nature of Human Communication, Professor Colin Cherry

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, Cromwell Road, SW7 (KEN 6323). Th 26 May: Birds of the Night 3.0. F 27 May: Predators and Prey 3.0. Sat 28 May: Life between the Tides (illustrated) 3.0. M 30 May: Elsa the Lioness (illustrated) 3.0. T 31 May: Rodents (illustrated) 3.0

PUSHKIN CLUB, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11 (PAR 7696). F 27 May: Prince Andrie Bolkonsky, F Seeley 8.0

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Th 26 May: Acoustics, John van Riemsdijk 3.0. Sat 28 May: The Rise of Steam Power, Victor Wall 3.0

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, Bloomsbury, WC1. Th 26 May: Delinquency, social support and control systems, Hugh J Klare 5.0. T 31 May: Recent advances in corneal grafting, P D Trevor-Roper 5.15. W 1 June: Effects of temporal lobe lesions in monkeys, Dr L Weiskrantz 6.0

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Th 26 May: Le Nain, Rembrandt, Poussin, Madeleine Mainstone 1.15. Sat 28 May: Dutch Influence on English Furniture, Madeleine Mainstone 3.0; English Silver 1750-1830, Elizabeth Murdoch 3.0. T 31 May: Ivories, Derek Shrub 1.15. W 1 June: The Gothic Revival, Suzanne Lodge 1.15

WALLACE COLLECTION, Manchester Square, W1 (WEL 0687). F 27 May: Boulle, M Tomlin 2.30. W 1 June: Boucher, R Rendel 1.0

EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW, Home Park, Windsor. 26-28 May: During the show, stands will be exhibiting a wide variety of products and crafts including pottery, riding clothes, saddlery and machinery

BURBERRYS', 18 Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 2602). 26 May-25 June: Royal Artillery Exhibition. Regimental treasures and silver will be shown to mark the 250th anniversary of the formation of the Royal Artillery. M, T, W, F 9.0-5.30, Th 9.0-7.30, Sat 9.0-1.0

BATTERSEA PARK, London. Until end Sept: Sculpture in the open air. An exhibition of contemporary British sculpture. A new feature will be the widespread use of colour in the works exhibited by 28 sculptors, including Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore

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GOOD DRINKING

In the balmy pre-war days, when youthful lads and lasses went to the country to see Aunt Agatha, they were invariably offered a sweet sherry and a biscuit. At that time, the drink was almost exclusively the preserve of people like Aunt Agatha and family sons in the City.

But, as in every other field, the war led to emancipation even in drinking. And with the vast increase of Britons holidaying in Spain, sales of sherry have trebled here in the past 15 years. We are now imbibing more than six million gallons a year . . . more than any other country in the world.

As knowledge increased, so did the British taste. More and more are turning to dry sherry rather than the near-traditional browns or creams. There are three major types: Fino (dry), Amontillado (medium) and Oloroso (sweet).

A colleague who has just returned from Spain tells me that there, he found all sherry is dry. Even Oloroso has a much more dry taste than one finds here. Sweeter wines are added to the original dry for export orders.

Not so long ago, if one asked for a dry sherry, the barman would inevitably pour a Tio Pepe. But with the extension of knowledge your Spanish holiday has brought, you can toy with more exotic names, now. Why not try Garvey's San Patricio, for instance? It is not so well known, but has an exquisite flavour.

Or ask for a Manzanilla. This is extra-dry, but is becoming more and more popular, and various brands are available. It comes from San Lucar, several miles from Jerez, the home of sherry.

My colleague tells me he met some "addicts" while in Spain. They swore to him you can taste the salt spray on the grapes which are grown near the sea!

● Part of the service at the newish Diplomat restaurant in Mount-street, Mayfair, is a "keep your own wine" arrangement in the cellars. This is for rarer wines, which the restaurant terms "collectors' pieces," and will not be on the extensive wine list. Customers can reserve a parcel, which will be locked up in a cage in one of the cellars. The customer is then given the only key to the cage, and on future visits, his wine can be taken out for him.

Peter Dominic Ltd, are introducing a 1961 vintage of Heidsieck Dry Monopole champagne at their new wine market at 203 Kensington High Street.

john mcleod

Mr Leonard Cole, licensee of the Nag's Head in Kinnerton Street, listens to one of the star attractions of his front bar an "early French automation bird," which works by clockwork.

HOLE IN THE WALL, Mepham Street, SE1. Tucked in an "underneath the arches" type street, hard against Waterloo Station. Sells only wine, beer and cider. Generally packed with serious-drinking Irish and Scots. Few, if any, amenities, the general air of the place being that the drink is there to be drunk. But service from the energetic barmen amazingly swift

TEMPLE BAR, Strand Palace Hotel, Strand, WC2. TEM 8080. Restrainedly-decorated, air-conditioned cocktail bar, where the welcome is warm and the service so-o-o smooth. Without being effusive, the barmen are friendly, polite and attentive, and knowledgeable in their answers to questions on drinks, no matter how obscure. Good spot for pre-dinner drinks, and it attracts after-theatre people, too

NAG'S HEAD, 53 Kinnerton Street, SW1. BEL 1135. A good, good pub, with few frills and wooden walls, a quiet but cheerful air, and the type of gentlemanly drinker one expects to meet in Belgravia. One-time haunt of writers and painters, now predominantly the preserve of people who live in and around the street. Tiny upstairs bar, where lovely women somehow manage to look uncramped. Downstairs, the bar is just a little bigger, and round the corner from the old Synphonion there's a faulty light above the darts board which doesn't seem to upset play overmuch

THE WILTON ARMS, 71 Kinnerton Street, SW1. BEL 4854. Along the street from the Nag's Head, and too much of a temptation to resist calling. Large carpeted room, with attractive gold and black leaf design on the walls. Quiet evening drinking, well filled lunchtime, because of the excellent food. Last year, the bar buffet and grills were highly commended in the Whitbread tenants' competition

THE THREE TUNS, 1 Portman Mews South. Portman Street, W1, WEL 9508. Just east of Marble Arch, but you'd swear you were in a country pub. Lots of wood, scrubbed tables and spotless flooring. Licensee Mrs Christina Oakenfold has been here 30 years, and tells me the pub, 250 years old, was where convicted criminals had their last meal before being hanged at Tyburn Way. Now attracts locals, television people, and tourists and chauffeurs from nearby hotels

THE BRICKLAYERS ARMS, 6 New Quebec Street, W1, PAD 3035. 90-odd years ago, the section of the bar approached through Berkeley Mews was a room rented by medical students. Here, they would transport corpses in sacks and dissect them by way of furthering their studies. A wide cross-section of drinkers look in now. Probably the best way to sum it up is to quote manager George Pates: "It's nothing to see a young peer, for instance, drinking and chatting with luggage porters from hotels near here."

DISCS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Dakota '66, Dakota Staton (Columbia 33 SX 6020). 2 The Screen Scene, Funnyman Peter Nero (RCA Victor RD 7756). 3 Countdown, Benny Goodman 1937-40 (Verve VLP 9120). 4 It's Duke Ellington (Ember FA 2036). 5 Crying Time, Ray Charles (HMV CLP 3533).

Weep no tears, but it's becoming harder than ever for the whizz-kid agents of the pop world to make themselves a living nowadays. Eighteen months ago, when the hustling and the throat-cutting behind the scenes was at its height, there were about 50 agents or manager-agents each controlling one or two hit singers. Today they're being squeezed out of the business while a handful of giants take over.

The functions of the manager and agent are divided: the manager looks after the affairs and well-being of the artist, manufactures his image, and keeps him happy; the agent negotiates his fee for every performance he makes, and every contract he has.

There are scarcely half a dozen big names who still belong to small agencies. Among them are Tom Jones (Acuff-Rose), Spencer Davis (West End), The Who (Robert Stigwood), The Small Faces (Galaxy), and The Yardbirds (Marquee Artists). Against them are ranged the mammoth set-ups now owned by the Grade Organisation and by Brian Epstein.

EMI are currently debating whether to release original American discs made by Scott Engel, star of Philips-owned Walker Brothers.

Most people think that what has been happening recently in the Grade set-up will become the pattern of future management. First of all Harold Davison and the Grades combined to form a public company that handled a large number of singers, including The Dave Clark Five and The Animals. Then Tito Burns, a month ago, joined and brought with him The Rolling Stones, Dusty Springfield, The Searchers, and a huge deal for visiting Americans. With this sort of combine there is a virtually unlimited amount of capital which can be used to finance tours, promote new names on a scale unthinkable to smaller men, and make films.

In The Beatles' camp, Brian Epstein has yet to make his agency a public company. But he now has exclusive rights to 15 performers. Vic Lewis, the ex-band-leader and one of the biggest contacts for visiting Americans, has joined him to perform much the same function as Tito Burns is providing for the other side. And there are solidly based rumours that Epstein will shortly make a deal with Danny Betesch, the Manchester impresario who handles Herman's Hermits, Freddie and The Dreamers, and others. If this happens, the Stock Exchange will be waiting with open arms.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY JOE MEEK

Joe Meek was the first completely independent recording manager to start operating in Britain. He began operations in the early '60s and set up his studio in a flat above a leather goods shop in North London. He lives surrounded by a maze of complex machinery, seemingly tangled wires and microphones with records and tapes scattered around literally every room in the flat. From what appears to be confusion has come some of the most successful records yet produced in this country. His many hit records include "Telstar" by The Tornados, which topped the 3 million world sales mark. Joe has also recorded a number of instrumental LPs.

THE SENSITIVE SOUND OF DIONNE WARWICK (Pye. NPL 28055)
Unchained Melody. Who Can I Turn To? How Many Days of Sadness? Is There Another Way to Love You? Where Can I Go Without You? You Can Have Him. Wives and Lovers. Don't Say I Didn't Tell You So. Only the Strong, Only the Brave. Forever My Love. That's Not the Answer
This is a wonderful voice, it can touch your heart and I feel sad when I listen to Dionne's sincere interpretation of these lovely lyrics. There's a big selection of songs here by Burt Bacharach, a lot of them in the sad, moody That's the Way Love Goes *idiom. Bacharach also wrote some fine arrangements for this album –* Don't Say I Didn't Tell You So *is especially good. Just turn the lights down low, and settle back and listen. This album is out of this world*

HOLLY IN THE HILLS. Buddy Holly (Coral. LVA 9227)
I Wanna Play House With You. Door to My Heart. Baby It's Love. I Gambled My Heart. Memories. Wishing. Down the Line. Soft Place in My Heart. Queen of the Ballroom. Gotta Get You Near Me Blues. Flower of My Heart. You and I are Through
The untimely passing of Buddy Holly robbed the pop music world of one of its finest young talents. I've got all his LPs and I play them a lot. His songs never seem to date, and via his unique voice he creates a happy, easy-going form of beat music. So many singers have tried to copy Buddy but none have ever reached his high standard. I rate him next to Presley in importance and influence. His music will never fade – it's so fresh and vital and is always a match for the records in today's charts

TAKE IT EASY WITH THE WALKER BROTHERS (Philips. BL 7691)
Make it Easy on Yourself. There Goes My Baby. First Love Never Dies. Dancing in the Street. Lonely Winds. The Girl I Lost in the Rain. Land of 1,000 Dances. You're All Around Me. Love Minus Zero. I Don't Want to Hear it Anymore. Here Comes the Night. Tell the Truth
The Walkers have everything I admire in an artist – good voices, commercial and well-groomed good looks, and a fine sense of presentation. This, their first LP, is an excellent showcase for them; the numbers are delivered with noticeable emotion, and there isn't a disappointing track on the entire album. I particularly like Make It Easy on Yourself, *and, once again, Ivor Raymonde is to be commended for his splendid arrangements. The production is very good, while the voices and musical backings blend together like peaches and cream.*

HIT MAKER! Burt Bacharach (London. HA-R 8233)
Don't Make Me Over. Walk On By. Don't Go Breaking My Heart. Blue On Blue. The Last One to be Loved. Always Something There to Remind Me. 24 Hours From Tulsa. Trains and Boats and Planes. Wives and Lovers. Saturday Sunshine. A House is Not a Home. Anyone Who Has a Heart
This is a giant of a man on today's record scene. His songs and arrangements have literally made *so many artists. Here, now, on one LP, are some of the best-known and successful of Bacharach's many hit songs. It's great music – music to make you happy and relaxed and melodies that you just can't get out of your head. Burt Bacharach, I feel, has done so much to bring back melody to pop music. On the technical side, the overall sound and production is excellent, and if you'll pardon the pun, "there's always something there to remind me" that this is good music with real heart.*

BACK TO BACK. The Righteous Brothers (Decca. HA 8278)
Ebb Tide. God Bless the Child. Hot Tamales. Hallelujah I Love Her So. Without a Doubt. Hung on You. I Love You For Sentimental Reasons. White Cliffs of Dover. Loving You. Baby She's Mine. Late Late Night
On this LP just released this month, The Righteous Brothers have come up with unique talent once again. One half of this is the Righteous Brothers and the other is their record and mentor Phil Spector. His genius contributes to four of the tracks while Bill Medley takes care of the remaining seven and proves his talent as a producer. This album contains a variety of moods with old favourites such as White Cliffs of Dover *and Elvis Presley's* Loving You, *and many others which showcase their inimitable vocal style*

WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU. The Four Seasons (Philips. BL 7699)
Working My Way Back to You. Pity. I Woke Up. Living Just For You. Beggars Parade. One Clown Cried. Can't Get Enough of You Baby. Sundown. Too Many Memories. Show Girl. Comin' Up in the World. Everybody Knows My Name
This is The Four Seasons' latest album titled from their latest hit single of the same name. Seven numbers are by Bob Crewe – their producer – and four by the Seasons. That wonderful falsetto voice of Frankie Valli never ceases to amaze me, especially on the title track and One Clown Cried, *bringing back memories of those great hits of theirs in the past such as* Dawn *and* Rag Doll.

TELEVISION

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Dear Ones, play (4 June, ITV, 10.15 pm). 2 Black And White Minstrels, closing show of series (5 June, BBC-1, 9.10 pm). 3 'Til Death Do Us Part, new comedy series (6 June, BBC-1, 7.30 pm). 4 Light Of Asia, conflict between Communism and religion in Tibet (6 June, ITV, 11 pm). 5 Miracle In The Rain, film (7 June, BBC-1, 8 pm).

Weather apart, Frost officially ends in June with – appropriately – a Report on "trends." And David Frost, virtually a one-man trend, can then relax within the balmy confines of his new place in the sun.

Sunny it is, with *The Frost Report* winning the grudging amusement of even *avant-garde* critics, painless chuckles from most of the rest of us, *and* entries in the TAM top 10 ratings. Frost, with the agility of Superman emerging from a phone box in some new guise, has changed from the viper of *TW3* and *Not So Much* into a cuddly, acceptable person who wouldn't recognise vicious satire if it passed him in the street.

Frost bubbles with innocent, "it's wonderful, *so* marvellous" pleasure over all this. He deserves the success, for the excellence of *The Frost Report* has been as haphazard as a guided missile roaring along exactly on track. In television, such planning, polish, and general care is the exception to an exceptionally drab rule.

The project really began when *Not So Much* ended.

The BBC is considering a new television arts programme for BBC-1, likely to start in the autumn if approved.

Frost was determined to break his mould as the Television Centre's smiling front-man-with-the-knife. Frost explains, with oblique criticism of his previous television vehicles: "I felt that an intelligent humour and talk programme was needed . . . I may do the talk programme later."

Gradually the team assembled. Producer James Gilbert had wanted to get together with Frost since 1962; Frost noted John Cleese working in cabaret in the United States, Ronnie Corbett in London clubs, and Julie Felix as "a different sort of lady singer from the accepted type."

Report uses twice as much material as slower, more conventional half-hour comedy efforts. "In order to get this sort of pace, the editing has to be quite savage," Frost admits. He can tinker with his own linking script until seconds before transmission, but prefers to keep the tone contemporary rather than topical. It is also firm policy to attack attitudes and ideas rather than individuals. There is no doubt that this has helped to turn the host into a man viewers find easier to take.

By using a single subject as a theme, Frost can linger on a general area while keeping sketches and comments away from the over-long form of *TW3*.

peter magnus

SATURDAY 28 MAY

World of Sport: Royal Windsor Horse Show, Home Park, Windsor Castle; Lawn tennis: finals, Surrey Grass Courts Championships; racing from Doncaster. ITV, 1.0

Evening thriller: *Hour of Decision.* British film starring Jeff Morrow, Hazel Court and Lionel Jeffries. A prominent columnist is murdered in a London night club. No one can help except an attractive girl who was known to have been in the company of the dead man before the murder. ITV, 7.10

Frankie Vaughan Show: Guest stars Tom Jones, Audrey Jeans, Ray Alan (ventriloquist) with Lord Charles. ITV, 8.35

Sergeant Cork series: *The Case of the Notorious Nun,* with John Barrie, William Gaunt and Charles Morgan. ITV, 9.10

Knock on Any Door: *The Ballad of Queenie Swan* with Billie Whitelaw. Comedy about an attractive widow who keeps a pub in the East End. Four regular admirers use her pub, and she cannot decide which one she will marry, so she puts each one on a week's trial. The centre-point of the humorous situation is a 7ft. double-bed. ITV, 10.15

A Date with . . . The Dallas Boys. ITV, 11.45

Afternoon film: Czech film with English sub-titles, called *Tightrope,* directed by Ivo Novak. A young man is determined to be important, but his background is against him. He starts to drift until things take a dramatic and brutal turn for the better. BBC-2

Start of *The Brothers Karamazov.* In six parts, this serial was first shown on BBC-2 in December 1964. Dramatised from Dostoievski's novel by Frederick Gotfeurt and starring Ray Barrett, Judith Stott, Lyndon Brook, Diane Clare and Jane Asher. BBC-2

Grandstand: Cricket: West Indies v Derbyshire, first day. Racing from Newmarket; athletics from White City, first day of the Whitsun British games. BBC-1

Evening Western: *Love me Tender* with Elvis Presley, Richard Egan and Debra Paget. Presley's first appearance on British television in a feature programme. He sings some of his best-known songs. Produced in 1956. BBC-1

Second programme of *Not Only . . . But Also* with Peter Cook and Dudley Moore (repeat series). Guest star Dusty Springfield. BBC-1

The Troubleshooters: *This Is Where I Came In* with Justine Lord, Petra Davies, T P McKenna and Peter Thornton

Film documentary: *The Mystery of Doctor Otto John.* A German who survived the 1944 conspiracy against Hitler, he was brought to Britain by the British Secret Service in 1944. He disappeared in July 1945 to East Berlin, and reappeared 18 months later claiming to have been abducted and drugged. He was sent to prison on grounds of treason. The film attempts to expose the facts. BBC-2

SUNDAY 29 MAY

Tempo International: Jazz pianist Stan Tracey seen at work in the EMI studios, where he talks about himself, his work and his new LP. ITV, 2.15

Thank Your Lucky Stars: Sandie Shaw, Unit Four Plus Two, Jimmy Young, Brian Poole and Barry Mason. ITV, 3.30

Ewen Solon appears under a mountain of make-up as Cha[illegible], the leader of the savages, in a new "Dr Who" adventure begi[illegible]ning this Saturday, 28 May, on BBC-1.

Afternoon film: *Calling Bulldog Drummond* with Walter Pidgeon, Margaret Leighton, Robert Beatty, David Tomlinson, Charles Victor and James Hayter. ITV, 4.05

Meet Billy Graham. His first television appearance in this country prior to his Earls Court appearance on 1 June. A face-to-face confrontation with Kenneth Harris, who talks to him about his personal beliefs and his meaning of "Get Straight with God." ITV, 6.55

The Baron: *And Suddenly You're Dead.* Guest star Vladek Sheybal, one of the most sinister-looking actors in the country. (He appeared in *From Russia With Love.*) ITV, 7.25

Evening film: *Captain Horatio Hornblower RN* (from C S Forester's novel) with Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo, Robert Beatty, James Robertson Justice and Richard "Mr Pastry" Hearne (playing a straight role). ITV, 9.25

Sunday Cricket: The International Cavaliers XI against Kent at Canterbury. BBC-2

Footprints: *A Don in Wonderland* is a biographical film of the Rev Charles Dodgson (alias Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*). The film illustrates the shyness and retiring nature that kept him apart from his contemporaries at Oxford and his natural affe[illegible]tion for children; his friendsh[illegible]p for the little daughter of De[illegible]n Liddell, and how, through her i[illegible]fluence, he wrote *Alice in Wo[illegible]derland.* Produced and written [illegible]y Jonathan Steadall. Richard Hur[illegible]dall plays Charles Dodgson. BBC-2

Theatre 625: *She Stoops to Co[illegible]quer* is a Bristol Old Vic produ[illegible]ction, part of the celebrations by the Theatre Royal, Bristol, with Barbara Leigh-Hunt. A recorded performance. BBC-2

At various intervals throughout the afternoon a roving camera from a helicopter will take live shots of bathers and holiday-makers in the major seaside resorts on the East Coast show places of interest, and different activities taking place on a Whitsun weekend. Christopher Trace reports. BBC-1

Afternoon film: *Caribbean Gold* with John Payne, Arlene Dahl and Sir Cedric Hardwicke (repeat). BBC-1

Evening film: *The Grass is Greener* with Cary Grant, Jean Simmons, Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum and Moray Watson. Screenplay by Hugh and Margaret Williams. BBC-1

Val Doonican Show: Guest stars Beryl Reid, Kenny Ball and Harry Bailey. BBC-1

SPORT

Whatever else may have happened to the British Empire in the last half of the century we have still got croquet . . . and it is thriving in this computer age. You have only to take a 72 bus down to the croquet lawns at the Roehampton Club to get life and its values in perspective again.

As mallet taps ball across the manicured grass the only other sound likely to trouble your ears is the coaxing of Mr Maurice Reckitt, the tall 78-year-old doyen of the game in Britain. For 60 years now he has been playing croquet and other players almost expect him to voice his frustrations as ball slips away from hoop after a crucial shot. "No, I'm no good. I cannot shoot," he pleads aloud to himself. He does not view vociferousness on the part of other players with much tolerance and I was warned not to speak to him during play.

Afterwards he was quite willing to recollect changes in the game: "Sixty years ago the game was a rosebud garden of girls in garden party

US Navy plays Thames Board Mills at baseball on Sunday afternoon at Rose Hill Recreation Ground, Sutton.

dresses and huge hats. Nowadays it's very difficult to get the younger girls to play. We've got plenty of good looking young men. I don't know why the girls don't turn up." It is a game in which men and women can meet on absolutely equal terms. The mental approach matters more than physical strength.

And it is a woman, not a man, Mrs V C Gasson, who guides the game from an office at the Hurlingham Club. She points out that while England's cricket team was getting walloped in Australia three years ago our croquet team was at the same time mopping up both Australia and New Zealand in Wellington. Not a line in our national Press, needless to say, but a 35-year-old tobacconist, John Solomon, stayed behind after the international and beat the individual champions of Australia and New Zealand as well, and now reigns as world croquet champion.

Mr Rickett has also spotted another promising young player, 17-year-old John Bolton, whose family live in Newmarket. Not so long after a few words with Reckitt, young Bolton went out and won the President's Trophy last season, one of the major competitions of the year.

michael wale

Racing greyhound meets hare for first time. One of the photos from "Greyhound Racing '66," a booklet about the sport admirably compiled by Brian Robertson.

CRICKET
Middlesex v Sussex. Sat, Mon, Tues. Lord's, St John's Wood. 11.30 am each day. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood. Buses 2, 2a, 13, 59a, 74, 74a, 74b, 113, 159, 187). Middlesex need a win after very slow start to season

Beaumont v Oratory. Lord's. Wed 11 am. One-day match between public school sides

MCC v Scotland. Lord's. Thurs 11 am. Two-day match. If you thought the Scots didn't play cricket, here's a chance to see them

Surrey v Lancashire. The Oval, Kennington. Wed, Thurs 11.30 am each day. (Northern Line to Oval)

FLAT RACING
Kempton Park. Sat 2 pm. (Trains to course from Waterloo.) Even if the weather is bad there is covered accommodation for 10,000. Also Wed and Thurs

Sandown Park. Mon, Tues 2 pm. (Trains from Waterloo to Esher. Green Line coach 715 from Oxford Circus passes course. By car A3 London-Portsmouth Road). A most beautiful and pleasant course

STEEPLECHASING
Towcester. Sat, Mon 2 pm. (Trains from Euston to Northampton then special bus service to course. By car either A5 or M1 taking Northampton way off motorway)
Fontwell Park. Mon 2 pm. (Trains from Victoria or London Bridge to Barnham Station then special buses to course. By car take A29)

GAELIC GAMES
Wembley Stadium. Sat 3 pm. Gaelic football: Galway or Sligo v Down or Cavan. Hurling: Wexford v Cork. (Bakerloo or Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park). For an all-action none-of-the-soft-stuff afternoon out then this is it. Makes Rugby league look like TV wrestling

GREYHOUND RACING
Hendon. Fri 7.45 pm. Heats of North Circular marathon. 880 yards. (Northern Line to Brent or Hendon Central). Restaurant bookings: phone GLAdstone 6257
Wimbledon. Fri 7.45 pm. Also Wed 7.45 pm. Produce Stakes final. 500 yards. £1,000. Good restaurant. Bookings: WIM 5361. (Trains Waterloo-Wimbledon. Or District Line to Wimbledon then special bus)
New Cross. Sat 7.30 pm (also 7.30 pm Thurs). Festival Cup final. 600 yards. Restaurant bookings: NEW 0213. (Metropolitan Line to New Cross Gate. Northern Line to Elephant and Castle)
Walthamstow. Sat and Tues 7.45 pm. Heats and semi-finals of Grand Prix. 700 yards. £1,000. Restaurant bookings: LAR 2252. Closed circuit television provided. (Central Line to Leyton or train from Liverpool Street to Hoe Street)

ICE HOCKEY
Wembley Lion v Ayr Rangers. Sat 7.45 pm. Empire Pool, Wembley. (Metropolitan and Bakerloo Line to Wembley Park)

ROWING
Twickenham regatta. Sat 12 noon. Watch from towpath Surrey side of river or public enclosure in Orleans Park. (Trains Waterloo-Twickenham or District Line to Richmond and bus 73 from Richmond police station)

MOTOR RACING
Brand's Hatch. Sun 2.30 pm. BRSCC meeting. Leston Cup car races. (Trains Victoria-Swanley)

MOTOR-CYCLE RACING
Brand's Hatch. Mon 1.30 pm. International Whit Monday races

ATHLETICS
Whitsun British Games. White City. Sat 1 pm, Mon 1.15 pm. (Central Line to White City). Inter-county and international competitions. Athletes from East and West Germany, France, Hungary

HORSE SHOW
Royal Windsor. Sat 9.30 am. Show jumping plus displays with Windsor Castle as tourist-luring background. (Trains from Waterloo or Paddington. You can even go down the Thames on steamer.)

LAWN TENNIS
Surrey championships. Surbiton. Fri, Sat 2 pm each day. (Trains from Waterloo to Surbiton)

SPEEDWAY
World championship. Qualifying round. Hackney. Fri 8 pm. (Buses 6, 6a, 30, 178, to Hackney Wick. Bus 236 express from Leyton Town Hall)

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PLUS PLUS PLUS
PLUS PLUS PLUS
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PROPERTY

Kingfisher House in Melbury Road, W14, with luxury flats to let

Above: No. 25 Porchester Place, a 23-storeyed block of private flats. Right: Draycott Farm, part of the Northwick Park Estate.

Alfred Savill & Sons have been managing agents for Northwick Park Estate, home of the late Captain E G Spencer-Churchill, since 1927. They anticipate that, within the year, this immense 55-roomed Jacobean house together with its 4,500 acres of Gloucestershire farmland will be put on the market. The entire estate is intended to be sold as a whole, and the 20 farms with 425 acres and two lakes would all be included in the single sale. One extraordinary feature of Northwick, with its early-Georgian west wing and Victorian alterations, is the absence of any garden. There are no traditional lawns and rose gardens; only a plain fence separates cattle from household. One big exception is being made, however, in the sale of a small farm right on the edge of the boundaries of Northwick. This is Draycott Farm, a dairy and stock farm, extending to 210 acres, which will be offered for sale by auction on 15 June with vacant possession. The land falls within the Heythrop hunting country and the shooting rights are in hand and will be included in the sale.

At the mention of "new housing developments" one tends to imagine row upon row of semis, identical in colour and design, and tactfully placed in the quiet suburbs of a thriving provincial town. But when a development company is faced with the problem of building 18 bungalows in a picturesque corner of East Anglia, then more trouble and thought has to be taken into account.

The village of Cavendish, Suffolk, is just such an example. The architects, Stanley Bragg & Partners, have designed 18 small bungalows in traditional Suffolk style with mellow tiled roofs, Suffolk plaster treatment, dormer windows and linked brick-built garages, for the Rodack Development Company. The houses are set well off the road with individual gardens and private garages. A retired elderly couple, with £6,000 to invest in a well-equipped, labour-saving two-bedroom bungalow, and an interest in racing at Newmarket (16 miles), might do well to contact James Abbott, Denis Smith & Partners, Halstead, Essex, 2684.

To add to the extensive list of "luxury" developments and flats that appear like mushrooms in every area of London, is Kingfisher House. But the difference here is that these two- and four-bedroom flats are for *let* on short seven-year leases and not for *sale*. The rents vary from £1,100 to £1,400 per annum; but if you want to redecorate the flat, you are exempt from paying any rent for three months, and you can garage your car below for £60 a year. Kingfisher House is in Melbury Road, just off Kensington High Street, in a good shopping area and close to Holland Park. Estate agents are Matthews & Goodman and Chestertons.

No. 25 Porchester Place, W2, is part of a massive development by Great Portland Estates Ltd. in association with the Church Commissioners. This 23-storeyed block of private luxury flats is another landmark on London's skyline surpassing even Lancaster Gate Hotel a few blocks away. The whole development includes No. 25 (125 flats), Coniston Court (64 flats), 21 town houses and 14 shop units. The scheme, built round a landscaped inner court with garaging for 224 cars below ground and a restaurant, is now complete and ready for letting. Rents for the houses vary from £1,350 to £1,750 pa; for Coniston Court, £525 to £690 pa; and No. 25, £575 to £1,100 pa. Agents are Chestertons.

fiona bird

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London Letters

Decadence in design

It was no surprise to see in the papers this week yet another example of the decadence that is creeping into this welfare, pre-packaged state in which we live.

The item was an article and two photographs of Daniel Rechter's new creation in fashion – the s e e - t h r o u g h dress. That any normal woman should consider buying this ridiculous article is surely inconceivable? However, in view of the unfortunate publicity there is a lunatic fringe of so-called "with it" women who try to out-do one another in sartorial success. We shall undoubtedly be compelled to accept this further confidence trick as another example of forward-thinking design.

Giles Kirby,
The Strand, WC2

Time out

What is happening to London's clocks? On a bus journey from Notting Hill to Holborn, I counted 19 clocks and only one of them was within five minutes of the correct time. Surely this is a public nuisance that should be stopped? Either keep clocks moving properly or cover the dials. Moreover, some people might think, quite unjustly that it is strange comment on any business's efficiency, to have a clock outside that, week after week, is showing the wrong time.

Gerald Mattocks,
Ladbroke Grove, W14

Public service?

One morning recently, at about 9 o'clock, and having waited for nearly half an hour for a bus, I went up to an Inspector and asked him simply how often this particular route was supposed to run. "Every eight to 10 minutes," came the gruff, disinterested reply. But I've waited half an hour now, I said, and I have to do so frequently every morning. "Yes, but you're waiting for the bus at a busy time," he snapped back. But surely the eight to 10 minutes allows for average traffic conditions? "Look," he said indignantly, "are you looking for an explanation or an argument?"

Hardly the attitude one hopes to receive – but, unfortunately, all too typical. Surely it's about time more dissatisfied members of the public "badgered" these Inspectors at every opportunity until even they get a bit fed up and try to do something to improve what is claimed to be a public service.

Martin Simons,
Watford, Herts

Bumpkins? No.

Let's have an end to the biased opinion about the happy-faced, uncultured country bumpkin that is thought to be the only Australian who comes to London. It's about time that someone who knows about Australia as it is today was asked to write on the subject. The other side of Australia (Sydney, for example, the largest city with an immense proportion of its population – Greeks, Italians, Hungarians and others – from all over Europe), the enormous influence these people are having, the growing Continental atmosphere, the Continental films and restaurants to equal Conduit Street in patronage, food and atmosphere any day.

Tell young London about the discothèques, the bikini-clad golden girls on the beaches, the sports cars, the equally long-haired youths, the short skirted young girls, the clothes designers, trouser suits, Sassoon hair cuts. Tell them everything they must know, but *please* let's give the kangaroos a rest and get down to the real thing.

Clem Wright,
Redcliff Gardens, SW10

Music while you work

Mornings are bad enough without being irritated further with the military-style piped music at Waterloo Station. It is a kind thought – helping people on their way to work – but can't they choose more appropriate tunes? You see bad-tempered, sullen faces deliberately marching out of time each morning, and the evening is worse. Then, just when everyone is dead on their feet, they give out bright, cheery music, which at that time of day is equally as irritating.

Can't we all sign a mass protest and begin to appreciate Waterloo's kind gesture with more fitting music?

Peter Clarre,
Chepstone Mansions, W2

The in-crowd

I wonder how many other people are irritated by a new, curious race that is springing up in our midst. I am talking about the people who try so desperately hard to be "in," and who spend their time drifting about "the scene" (whatever *that* may mean) when they could and ought to be doing something infinitely more useful. But they must be seen with the stars; they must be spectacular – although they all end up looking the same, and they must tell "in" jokes in the popular language of that week.

I put them a step higher than the fanatic autograph hunters. Instead of autographs they collect memories – memories of sitting next to, dancing with, talking to so-and-so. I wish they would open their eyes wider and notice how ridiculous and pathetic they are.

Jim Ramble,
London, W1

Puddings and pies

I am sorry there was a misprint in my letter about steak and kidney pie. Obviously a pudding cannot have a crispy crust and this seemingly unimportant error makes me look culinarily foolish, which I don't think I am.

Alfred Hitchcock,
Hollywood,
California

Rugger tactics

Our rugger club has not "scrummed down with a sexual camel" since the 1897-98 season – and that one was teetotal anyhow. So I would like to query the basis of Miss Tonia Bern's accusations.

It must be realised that bawdy songs are the prerogative of beastly soccer players who sing them as a means of asserting their masculinity after kissing each other on the field. A rugger chap might say "dash" or even "blast" when tackled but "polo-sweatered, red-nosed comics" – deary me, it just wouldn't *do* at Twickers.

Vivian St Clair Brogden,
Kensington Mansions, SW5

Insecure?

I was fascinated to meet a Chairman the other day and notice that he had a brightly coloured row of ball point pens in his breast pocket. My small son collects pens and fills his upper jacket pocket with as many as he can, and I remember doing the same at his age, mainly because the schoolmasters did.

I have since noticed several men with important, financially secure positions clip yet another ball point into their pocket. Is this in fact a sign of boyishness or insecurity?

John Lauri,
London, W1

Welcome back

So good to see that the greatest singer of our age, and I do mean Frank Sinatra, is back in the top 10 best-sellers' lists again. But why should this record – far, far from his best – have made it, where far superior lyrics and arrangements have failed? Admitted that the "B" side, *My Kind of Town* is a real swinger, but *Strangers in the Night* is so ordinary. Maybe the publicity that the Man is going to make a film over here could have released the spring to catapult the record upwards.

Nice to see him roar past daughter Nancy in the charts. *Boots Are Made for Walkin'* would have been a hit recorded by almost anybody, as her follow-up flop surely proved. Give me Papa Frank any time.

Pandora Dunn,
Montagu Mansions,
London, W1

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